JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

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HUMAN Bodies must supply their own Power

Men and women create their own energy from their food and drink. But this fuel must be readily convertible, and it is here that Bovril plays such an important part. Made from prime lean beef, Bovril stimulates the process of assimilation and helps you to extract the vital elements from other foods. Take Bovril daily to meet the constant strain of winter. It will strengthen you and fortify your resistance against colds and influenza.

BUILD UP RESISTANCE TO COLDS WITH

BOVRIL

You'll enjoy its appetising flavour!

Security Corner by A FRIEND

DISASTER AT 8·55 A.M.

THE clock hands point to five to nine. It's half-a-mile to school and he has only five minutes to do it. There's a patter of running feet coming down the stairs and then a scream and sickening crash—his terrified mother rushes into the hallway to find him—a bonny youngster of eight—in a crumpled heap at the foot of the stairs. His leg is badly broken. Quickly she summons a doctor. Anxious weeks lie ahead—the best medical care and attention must be procured if her son is to walk again without a life-long limp.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUES FOR PARENTS

"John Bull's" files provide indisputable evidence of the dangers that lie in wait for happy, healthy children in the home, and on the playground and playing-field. "John Bull" dispatched during the past week no fewer than 54 cheques to registered readers whose children have met with misfortune—prompt, practical assistance that makes a world of difference.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to providing Benefits for Children's Accidents and numerous other every-day risks and perils, "John Bull" **is the only paper in the world** to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£680 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £680 to registered readers or their dependants.

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A SECURITY GIFT WORTH £2 2s. 0d.

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers to you free would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least two guineas in annual premiums.

Remember! One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

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SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 11/2/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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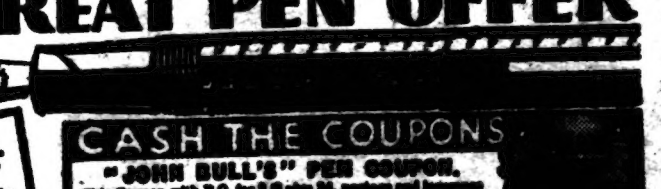

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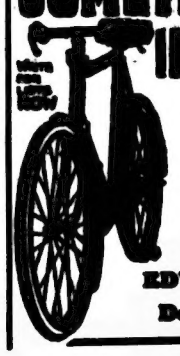

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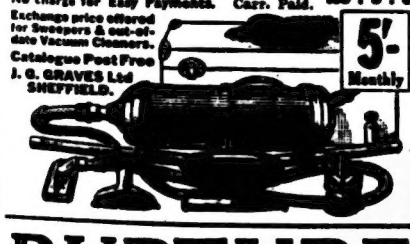

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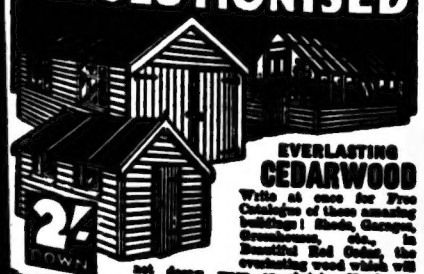

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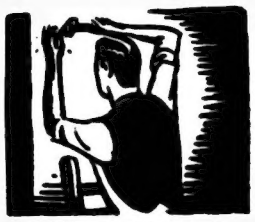

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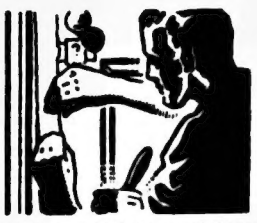

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And now look at a few of the subjects dealt with in this great practical volume:—THINGS TO MAKE—A Deck Chair—A Nest of Tables—A Simple Tea Tray—A Meat Safe—A Bathroom Cabinet—Combined Cabinet and Bookshelves—A Folding Ironing Table—Child's Folding Cot—Household Steps—A Kitchen Table—A Fire Screen—A Garden Barrow—A Table Lamp—A China Cabinet—A Modern Sideboard—Jacobean Candlesticks—A Salt and Pepper Set—Oak Table Lamp—A First-Aid Cabinet—Book Ends—A Folding Bed-Table—A Boot-Brush Box—A Clothes Horse, etc., etc. THINGS TO DO—Furniture Repairs—Replacing Sash Cords—Fitting a Clothes Airer—Lifting Floorboards—Laying Parquet Floors—Fitting Picture Rails and Skirting—Draught Prevention—Picture Framing—Panelling a Room—Repairing Drawers—Plugging Walls—Fitting Shelves—An Extra Leaf for a Table—Making and Fitting Stair Handrails—Glass Cutting—Fitting and Replacing Window Panes—Fitting Locks and Fasteners, etc., etc. METALWORK—Choice of Bench—Metalwork Processes—Simple Tools to Make—Brazing and Soldering—Hardening and Tempering Carbon Tool Steel—Bent Wire Work—Tinplate Work—A Cake Tin—A Kitchen Scoop—Making a Door Latch—Colouring and Lacquering Metals. HOUSE PAINTING AND DECORATING—Paperhanging—Interior Painting—Graining, etc., etc. THINGS TO MAKE AND DO FOR THE GARDEN—A Summer House—A Simple Rose Pergola—A Bird Table—A Two-Light Garden Frame—A Greenhouse—A Strong Garden Seat—A Rustic Garden Bench—The Care of the Lawnmower—The Care of Garden Shears—Laying a Lawn of Turfs, etc. FOR YOUR MOTOR CYCLE OR CYCLE.—Lubrication—Decarbonising—Ignition—Brakes and Steering—Fault Tracing, etc., etc. FOR YOUR CAR.—General Maintenance—Routine Attentions—Fault Tracing—The Steering Gear—The Braking System—Wheels and Tyres—Care of the Coachwork—Repainting a Car—Winter Precautions, etc. ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.—Circuits and Wiring—Fault Tracing—Fitting Additional Lighting Points—Fitting Extra Power Points—Repairs—Wiring for Electric Bells—Mains Radio Connections, etc., etc. PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD PRECAUTIONS AGAINST AIR RAIDS.—For the first time the vital problem of family protection against air raids is dealt with in pictorial form. Although the information given in this work is based on the recommendations of the Home Office, it is also backed up by PRACTICAL experience of priceless value. Subjects include—Fitting a Respirator—Choosing the Refuge Room—Sealing and Protecting Windows—Making Doors Gas-proof—Sealing a Fireplace—Supporting the Ceiling—The Toilet—Making a Splinterproof Trench, etc., etc.

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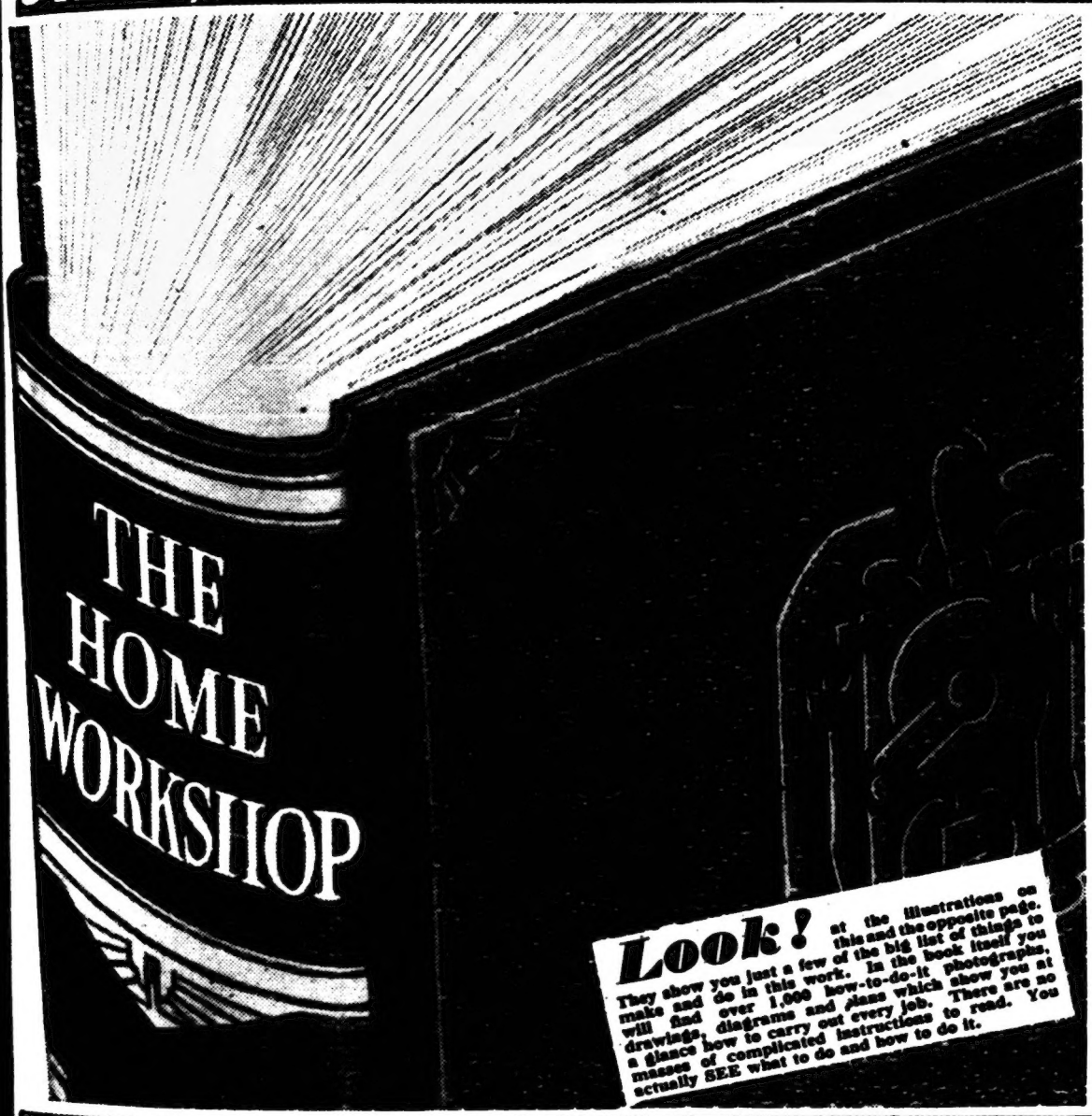
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Books will be dispatched to applicants in strict rotation. Address envelope exactly as shown below and post to:—

WORKSHOP BOOK PRESENTATION DEPT. J.B.2,
"JOHN BULL," 39, EARLHAM STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Pref.).

Please reserve in my name a copy of "The Home Workshop." I enclose with this form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I understand that you will dispatch my Volume in a few days and that an Invoice will be sent me. I have indicated below the Edition I require—Standard or De Luxe—and certify that I will remit the amount specified below WITHIN 7 DAYS OF RECEIPT OF VOLUME.

STANDARD EDITION Applicant sends 3/9 AFTER receipt of Volume, carriage paid.

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J.B.2. If undelivered, please return to Depot, 23, Henrietta St., London, W.C.2. H.W.B.

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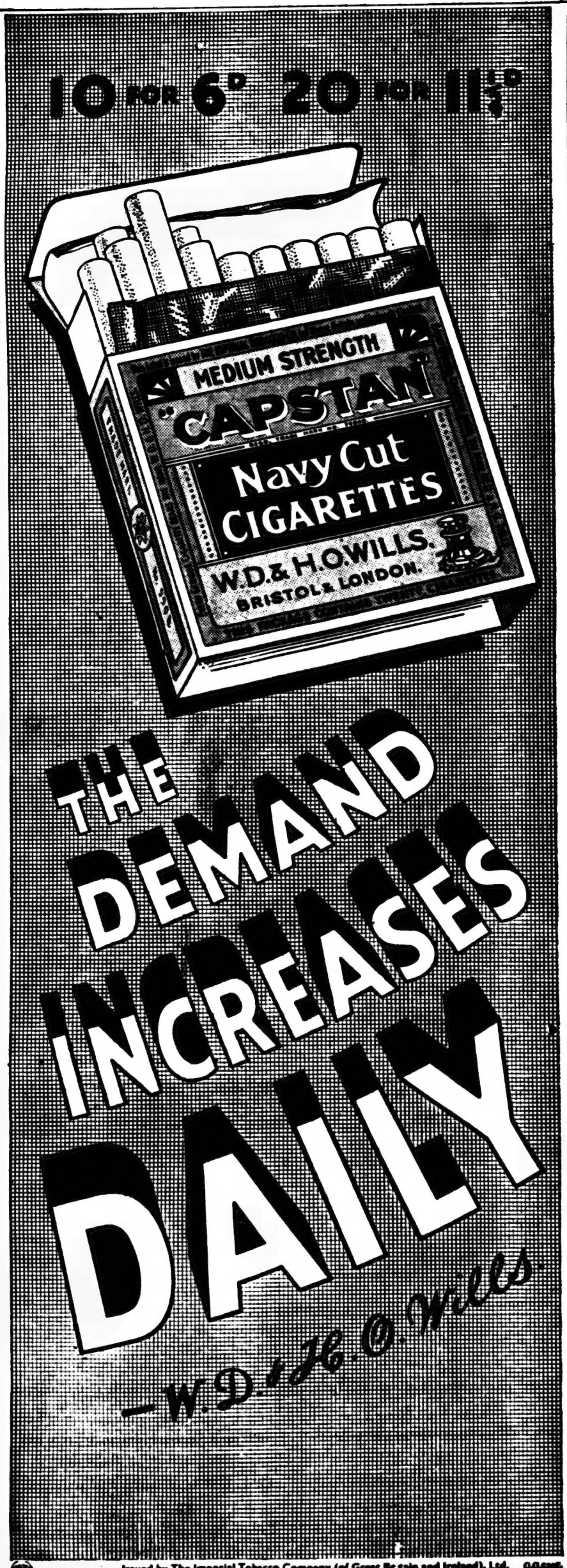

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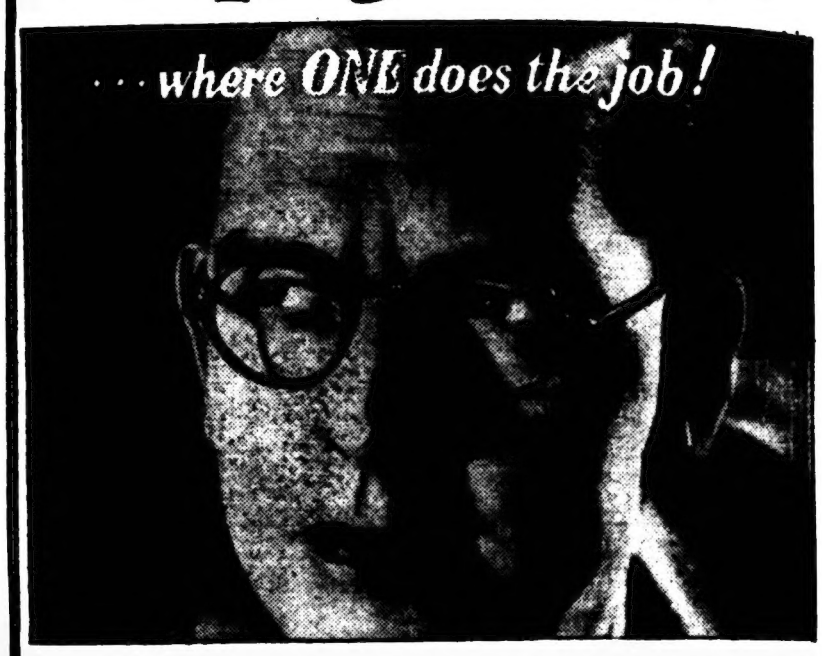
Never Two Murphy dealers-



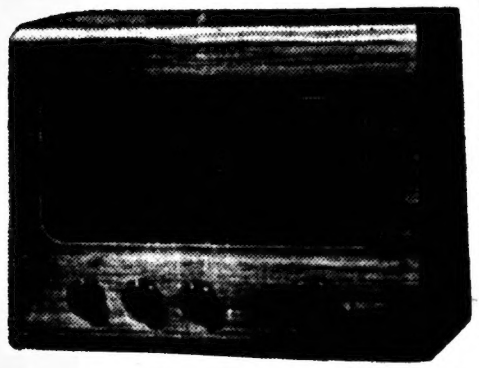
"AND so what?" you ask. The fact that less than 1,500 out of perhaps 10,000 radio retailers are Murphy dealers means that you have to find them if you want them—perhaps travel a mile or so, passing other perfectly good wireless shops on the way. Why should you? What do *you* get out of it? Well I can assure you we don't limit our dealers just to make things more difficult. We do it because

1. We can get Murphy sets to you more cheaply.
2. We can pick dealers who are properly equipped to look after your interests.

It is true that you get better value for your money and better assurance of good service when you are buying and after you have bought, because we sell through picked dealers. Every week my post brings me letters praising Murphy dealers for their good service and their straightforward dealing. And I should want to know what was wrong if I didn't get a regular stream of such letters. That's what we pick our dealers for!

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director

I'm certain there is nothing better for consistent world-wide performance than this 52 Push Button Model. Automatic station selection is given by 8 push buttons one of which is for changing from automatic to manual working. Push button selection of the 7 principal short-wave bands and a new system of "band spreading" make short-wave tuning amazingly simple. Push button selection of 7 medium and 7 long wave stations with automatic tuning correction to ensure deadly accurate tuning. Very high standard of reproduction. Variable tone control, automatic volume control, inverse feed back to eliminate heterodyne whistles and a gramophone jack are other features. For manual tuning principal stations are listed on the 3-colour scale which illuminates only the wave band in use and a cathode ray tuning indicator enables you to tune accurately and easily. Cabinet in highly polished walnut.



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THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1939. 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. *Telephone*: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Cheer Up and Do Your Bit Now!

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CHATFIELD, appointed Defence Co-ordination Minister when in India a fortnight ago, has already been at his desk in London for some days. That's smart work. And it's smart work that we expect of him.

We hope his appointment means more drive behind the defence programme, greater efficiency, less waste and less profiteering.

Take this Tip

But follow Sir Samuel Hoare's advice. Don't be "jitter-bugs." Don't think the Government has made up its mind that war is inevitable. It hasn't; and it isn't.

Britain and Germany have already pulled off a coal agreement. Herr Hitler showed in his Reichstag speech that he realised the need for more trade.

Self-Help

That speech is being followed by talks with other industries. Agreement in commerce may lead to appeasement in politics.

Meanwhile, make Britain strong—strong to back her word in peace, strong to defend herself should the need unfortunately arise.

And do your bit! You've read your National Service handbook. Many of you have already enrolled. But there's still room for more!

Drab Holes

Pity, though, that the gloomy employment exchanges have been chosen as National Service recruiting stations.

That's bad psychology, and bad psychology means bad business.

Even worse is that men unable to find work should have their spirits depressed still further by having to queue up in these drab and gloomy exchanges!

Brass Tacks

Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, the new Minister of Agriculture, is not letting the grass grow under his feet.

Already he's been getting down to brass tacks with farmers. "Brass" is the word. Sir Reginald's been promised, we're told, an extra £15,000,000 a year from the Treasury for British agriculture.

We don't grudge that—if it means better wages for farm labourers, cheaper food for Britain's workers, and more produce from British soil.

But does it? Sir Reginald's policy is to give farmers a guaranteed price for each of their products.

Rent strikes, such as this one, says the Government, are not in the public interest. No, but the remedy still rests with the Government!

'Ware the Landlord

Yes, but guaranteed at what level? And with what safeguards that consumers and farm labourers benefit as well as farmers? What precautions against the swallowing of this money by landlords and middlemen? What assurance that acreage will be increased?

Ensure farmers a just price, certainly. But adopt JOHN BULL'S policy.

Make agriculture a national concern. Produce scientifically. Distribute rationally. Give housewives a square deal. Give farm workers a square deal, too!

Stop, Think, Go!

Sir Reginald, as President of the National Farmers' Union, was a farmers' man. Now, as Minister, he's the Nation's man. He appreciates that.

Then let him pause and think again. Let him think out a policy that will benefit all—and each according to his need.

Lighting-Up Time

Less "hush-hush" about civil defence! All Government plans under this head in future to be discussed with those affected, save where public safety would be prejudiced.

We're glad. Ignorance breeds fear, fear begets panic. Tell the people all you can!

Besides, this is a free country. Our citizens have a right to know their own business. The less of that "Official Secrets Act mentality" the better!

Calming the Young

Let the children know, too! That's the advice of a Home Office committee of experts on air raid shelters.

Make shelters of a kind to which children will become used in peace, and so not fear in the event of emergency.

Dig Deep

That's sound sense. So is the committee's recommendation that all new flat buildings should have air raid protection.

But rest of the report too timid. Build steel blast- and splinter-proof shelters, it says, erect pillboxes, strengthen basements!

Good—but not good enough. JOHN BULL showed the way last week. Copy Barcelona. Build deep bombproof shelters underground!

How Much?

Government to pay compensation in respect of persons killed or injured in air raids. That's only fair.

Compensation for damage to property, too. But full payment only up to a certain limit. What limit?

Thousands of small house-owners want to know. Life-savings, in many cases, at stake. End this suspense, Sir John Simon. Name your minimum figure.

Sky-High Prices

Less than one and a half acres at a cost of £14,400. Other land ranging from £5,411 an acre to £8,037.

Those are the prices which Manchester City Council has been talking of paying as part of a clearance scheme, involving erection of 576 flats.

Fantastic

Such figures are fantastic. Excellent that people should be rehoused near their work, where possible.

But those prices must mean either that the Council is being overcharged or that the land is so valuable for business that good planning would ensure that it was allocated to business. Build more or better flats elsewhere for the same money!

Rent Racket

In East London, tenants have to fight landlords by rent strikes. In Glasgow, the City Council fights the battle for them.

Glasgow landlords recently threatened 30,000 tenants of decontrolled houses with a 20 per cent. rent rise. But City Council protested to Premier and Secretary for Scotland Colville.

Result: landlords dropped the plan. Mr. Colville said it was inopportune "when the public interest required the greatest degree of national unity."

Bad Bill

A pity, however, that the Government didn't think of this last year when it pushed through its Bill for progressive rent decontrol.

National unity was just as necessary then, and it's going to be necessary for a long, long time. The landlords' black charter—that's what that Act deserves to be called. Amend it!

Crooks and Colds

Two enemies of society—criminals and the common cold! Disquieting revelations by the Deputy Chief Constable of Liverpool. About half the crimes committed go unpunished!

Hard to catch thieves, but easy to catch cold. Though, however, the police find it hard to put down crime, a Birmingham firm has got the cold where it wants it—almost banished.

Golden Remedy

Secret: a guinea bonus to all employees who can claim a coldless year. Last year 85 per cent. could.

Other employers, please note!

Why Baby Ransley Died

LAVISH praise has been paid by the Minister of Health to his public hospitals service.

What has he to say about these facts?

A nineteen-months old baby, Kathleen Ransley, was scalded by boiling water and rushed to Margate General Hospital.

All the doctors were away at the time. A nurse sought advice by telephone and was told to apply tannic acid.

Then it was found that there was none in the hospital.

After being treated otherwise, the infant was sent home.

Within forty-eight hours, Baby Ransley had to be taken again to the hospital.

The evidence of scalding was disregarded.

She was diagnosed as a scarlet fever case! And removed to an isolation hospital.

There, the medical officer could find no sign of fever.

In a few hours the child died—from blood poisoning.

Just another instance of what is called death by misadventure.

Voice of the People

THOUSANDS of new houses in this country are wired for electricity so shoddily that night and day there is an ever-present danger of fire.

An even bigger danger lies in the fact that so many thousands of men believe—because study of wireless has taught them something about an electrical circuit—that they can safely add to and take away their own domestic installations at will.

As an electrician, I have taken up floor boards to find wire little better than cheap bell-wire in use—surrounded by wood and draughts. Something should be done to mitigate this peril.—Electrician, Brighton.

Electrical Contractors' Association is drawing up a scheme to protect the public against such dangerous wiring, and we hope it gets the very necessary co-operation of local authorities everywhere.

Flying Straight

There was a very bad air accident near here this week. I saw the aeroplane just before the crash.

If the pilot could have hovered round and signalled to me, and I back to him, I could have told him where to find a field that would have made an excellent emergency landing ground.

To save lives some such system should be devised. Pilots should have flares, on seeing which somebody in each district should have the power to send some flame-signal back.—W. H. Phillips, 11, Plas Road, Rhos, Pontardawe, Swansea.

A pilot whose engine has failed cannot hover. He must keep flying in a straight line. The pilot reader Phillips saw probably noticed that emergency landing ground, but dared not turn to reach it, knowing full well that to turn without engine means certain disaster.

Heavy on Shoes

I am a blacksmith, and I have just shod a horse that has come to me regularly every month for sixteen years.

In that time I find it has worn out nearly two tons of iron, made up as follows: Shoes (19 lb. for 4), 32 cwt. 2 qrs. 8 lb.; nails, 1 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lb.—Shoer, Kirkliston, West Lothian, Scotland.

Victims of the sea's fury and Whitehall's indifference—the Coxswain of the St. Ives lifeboat, and his son.

Cobwebs Bring Disaster

Keep up your attack on Cobweb Commissions.

For more than a hundred years the need for a breakwater in St. Ives Bay has been stressed. Some years ago a Royal Commission recommended such a breakwater.

The recent lifeboat disaster there, which has already been followed by another fatality, shows that all these suggestions have just been pigeon-holed.—C. B. P., Southbank, Kingsteignton Road, Newton Abbot.

Royal Commissions cost up to £25,000 each. Few have achieved anything. In some cases they have presented reports which have led to the setting up of more Royal Commissions!

Now turn to page 15 for this this week's "We Beg to Report" article.

Life-Savers

I send you herewith a book on accident prevention issued to me as a railway worker. It has been published by the four leading railway groups—L.M.S., G.W., L.N.E.R., and S.R.—jointly, to help their staffs.

It is a pity, to my mind, that such a book isn't issued to the workers in every industry. It might save hundreds and hundreds of lives a year.—R. B. C., 16, Mogul Lane, Netherend, Cradley, Staffs.

An excellent book. An excellent idea. It shows the right way and wrong way, in pictures, of doing pretty well every railway job, even rolling a barrel or lifting a heavy pipe. The Home Office might well consider our reader's suggestion that there is room for such a book in all dangerous industries.

Remember Sir John!

I am against conscription, not because I am against fighting for my country when necessity arises, but because I honestly believe that the volunteer army that fought for Britain from 1914 to 1917 was far finer than any conscript army could be.

But study the names of our Cabinet Ministers. I cannot think of one who might be expected to remember the spirit of those volunteers sufficiently to defend the voluntary system, if war should come.—A. S. N., Euston, N.W.1.

What about Sir John Simon? He threw up the Home Secretaryship in protest in 1917 when conscription came, joined the Army at 43, fought in France and was mentioned in despatches.

Walking on Glass

Dozens of Cinderellas are entrancing pantomime audiences at the moment up and down the country. And they all wear glass slippers.

Cinderella's slippers were made of fur.

Generations of children have been deceived because pantomime producers follow each other like sheep.—Miss C. L., Bebington, Cheshire.

Cinderella's slipper was originally described as "pantoufle en vair"—slipper of fur. The translator mistook "en vair" for "en verre," which means "of glass." And so the wrong idea has persisted.

Smoke-Screens

We live near Partick Thistle Football Ground. And, on a recent Saturday when Partick were playing at home, our chimney caught fire, for which "offence" my husband has been summoned and fined.

I have since been told that it is a common practice for supporters to set their chimneys on fire—not at the club's request, of course—as a smoke-screen is to the advantage of the home team.—Mrs. Jean Thompson, 22, Firhill Street, Glasgow, N.W.

Bailie Duffy, trying a chimney-fire case, has commented in court on the frequency of such fires on Saturday afternoons in the vicinity of Partick's ground! But perhaps an extra big fire is the Glasgow wife's idea of welcoming her husband home for the week-end.

Right of Way

This very delightful picture is of two little schoolgirls whom I saw cycling down an arterial road with "L" signs on the front and back of their machines.

I followed them for five miles, and was staggered at the respect with which they were treated by all other road users.

Their parents, in my opinion, must be very sensible people.—F. Franklin, 69, Roedean Avenue, Enfield Highway.

Readers will have to take our word for it that it was, indeed, a delightful chill study. But no newspaper could have reproduced it. It was foggy, muzzy. So get out your cameras and give us pictures that are (1) interesting; and (2) clear enough to be reproduced.

Why He's Popular

This little place has Britain's most popular postman.

He carries sweets with him, and never fails to give some to any child he meets. And sometimes he carries tit-bits for the dogs, too.

We hear shouts of childish joy when the postman is sighted.—Nathaniel Thomas, 3, Pen Lan Fach, Tonna, near Neath, Glam.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

I was a mug . . .

WHEN a sadly poor looking old man came shivering to my door, with a packet in his hand, and said: "Do please buy a packet of lavender," we raked up all the coppers we had got.

I enclose the packet he left. Perhaps you will describe it in your own words.—W. Foster, 2, Olivette Street, Putney, S.W.15.

Envelope is scented with oil of lavender. Contents: Dirty sawdust.

* * *

THE West London post office was crowded with people filling up pools coupons. Every pen was in use. A charming young man asked if he could borrow my fountain-pen to sign a form.

Thanking me for the loan of it, he rushed away.

Not until next morning did I discover that, in place of my guinea Christmas presentation pen, I had pocketed one with a tin nib, worth perhaps threepence.—A. J. S., Oxford Street, W.1.

* * *

I LOVE fair-grounds; went to one recently; tendered a 10s. note for the usual joy-ride.

The attendant who brought back the change clung to the back of my car, counted out the proper change into his right hand and pressed the money into mine—knowing, of course, that one can't do cashier's work at such a moment.

Later, I discovered that he had given me 3s. 6d.—and that friends had been "done" in the same way.—G. Edward Moisey, The Green, Wadenhoe, Oundle, Peterborough.

* * *

"I WONDER if you could direct me to the police station. I understand that if you have lost your handbag, and can prove your bona fides, they'll help you to get home."

The speaker was a pretty, cultured, well-dressed girl in the Brixton Road.

I could see she was distressed at the idea of cadging from the police, so, finding that all she wanted was 6s., gave her 10s. and my address.

The money never came back—but three weeks later, in North London, the same girl came up to me with: "I wonder if you could direct me to the nearest police station——!"—Greenhorn, Southwark, S.E.

THIS ISN'T SPORT!

Says Reader A. H. Bartram.

Picture the meet of a famous hunt in some ancient English village. Eager hounds, magnificent horses, red-coated men, immaculate women. Pretty, isn't it?

But Mr. A. H. Bartram, 33, Rosebery Avenue, Melton Mowbray, looked further than that. He recalled that pitiful look of terror in the eyes of a maddened and exhausted animal when the end of the hunt brings its final moments of torture. A pest the fox may be, he thought—but what sport can there be in the agony of a defenceless creature?

The way he spoke his mind was in a *Bullet* and he won a First Prize for his terse, well-chosen words:—

PRETTY PICTURE—HUNTING
SCENE—SEEN HUNTING?

Now turn to page 39, express some view of your own in a telling *Bullet* and one of the most unusual First Prizes ever offered may well be yours.

—as a smoke-screen is
of the home team.—
pson, 22, Firhill Street,

trying a chimney-fire
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in my opinion, must be
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Enfield Highway.

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he carries tit-bits for

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is sighted.—Nathaniel
Lan Fach, Tonna, near

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ICTURE—HUNTING
SEEN HUNTING?
to page 39, express
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WE MUST MAKE THIS IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE go the refugees, from their Spanish homes into France.

She is not your daughter, that desperately sad little girl, with her crutch, and with her eyes fixed upon you. But she is someone's daughter.

If you have ever loved a child, you will know what she is going through, without words from us.

See the small boy behind her. Somebody's son. Somewhere a mother and father treasure the little chap as their joy and their pride. He, too, has lost a limb. They will love him the more for it.

If they are still alive. . . .

Hour after hour the tragic procession trudges on. Not of sinners and outcasts, going to some Devil's Island for their crimes against mankind. But simple working men and their wives and families, innocent of any guilt, wishing only to till their fields or earn their wages, and live in peace.

What is the foul and hideous thing that can so afflict the guiltless and the simple and the defenceless, bringing this agony and this outrage into our world. You know, as we know.

We call it War.

Without Fear or Favour

Steadily, week by week, JOHN BULL carries on its peace crusade. Steadily we urge peaceful negotiation rather than sabre-rattling. Steadily we say that civilised progress is won round the conference table, not on the field of battle.

We have not spared from criticism all those, whatever their country, who have seemed to us provokers of discord, creators of misunderstanding, apostles of hate.

We have dared to praise all those, whatever their country, who have taken part in the slow but splendid job of building bridges across the gulfs that now divide the peoples.

Proudly we say that this crusade has won the enthusiastic approval of our readers. It has created hope, confidence, and good cheer.

But just a few have had a different point of view. They have told us we are overdoing the advocacy of peace and the appeals for appeasement.

They ask us, Why don't you give it a rest?

The picture on this page is the answer to that question.

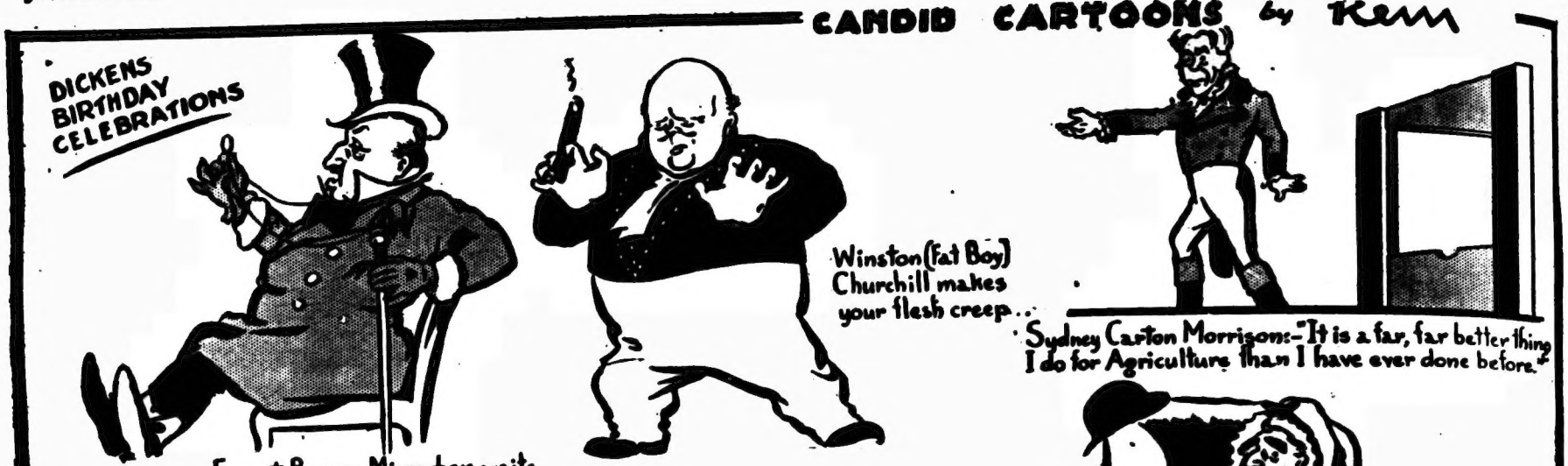
Rest? How can any journal or any individual rest while in our world such misery is endured by the innocent?

Until the whole world is protected against such horrors, the peace crusade must and will go on.

We cannot cease to denounce war as the greatest crime and cruelty of which mankind is capable.

We cannot cease to urge resistance to the fatalism which regards it as inevitable that people should suffer as these trudging refugees suffer.

We cannot cease to proclaim our confidence that, as peace-lovers strive with good cheer, so they will win their victory. The only victory they want. The victory of peace over war.


CANDID CARTOONS by Kem
DICKENS BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS
Ernest Brown Micawber waits for something to turn up...
Winston (fat Boy) Churchill makes your flesh creep...
Sydney Carton Morrison:-"It is a far, far better thing I do for Agriculture than I have ever done before."
Dolly Varden Cripps seeks a Popular Front to flirt with...
Oliver Twist-Belisha asks for more armaments...
...And Mrs Gamp.

OPEN LETTERS . . .

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR,—A Bournemouth firm offers the local A.R.P. mandarins a motor ambulance—free. It is refused because "there is no use for it."

Yet private residents are asked to register their cars for ambulance work!

This is typical of the chuckle-headed muddling that has made A.R.P. a bad joke. You, a new broom in public affairs, should sweep out the dreamy fumblers who are less fitted to organise national security than a Hottentots' mothers' meeting.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, Bognor

YOUR WORSHIPS,—A clergyman is seeking the Home Secretary's clemency for Mrs. Lucy Hopkins, mother of three little children who is expecting another child within a few weeks.

She had no food or coal in the house, her husband was unemployed, when she stole articles worth 9s. You have jailed her for a month.

Naturally, you cannot condone crime. But you should remember that mercy is the highest prerogative of justice.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—While you are dithering and dallying, one of our greatest counties is being clouded by the mists of despair.

For years the Lancashire cotton trade has been struggling to avert ruin. For years, harassed manufacturers and impoverished workers have pleaded for State action.

Yet you are still discussing the "future procedure" of your Cotton Bill. You are proposing an official ballot to obtain figures that have already been collected by the industry itself.

Get the Bill through Parliament—not next year, but this.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Bristol

GENTLEMEN,—Harry Jones is blind. He and his wife are homeless because they refuse to part with Harry's guide-dog.

Their slum home was demolished. Applying for a council flat, they were refused permission to keep the dog.

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—It is the true voice of Britain which has found expression in your "answer to Hitler" speech.

Firm yet conciliatory, courageous yet reasoned, it should demonstrate to all the world that our policy of appeasement is directed not towards peace at any price, but to peace through disarmament and economic justice.

And, as you say, the appeasement policy is succeeding.

There are difficulties ahead, problems which cannot be shelved, grievances which will fester and foment unless they are tackled quickly and comprehensively.

But the situation is now easier than for many months. Confidence is returning, good will spreading.

You are right to emphasise that, when agreement on arms limitation can be reached, we shall be ready to make our contribution towards a final settlement in Europe.

And you do well to insist that there are no international affairs which cannot be settled by discussion.

A speech worthy of a British Prime Minister, its principles will be endorsed by thoughtful people in every land.—JOHN BULL.

If this is true, it is as heartless and infuriating an instance of red tape as I have found for a long time.

Other councils impudently ban poultry, pigeons, wireless or linoleum. You, I hope, are alone in compelling a blind man to go homeless.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice OLIVER, Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—By administering justice to a victim of misfortune, you have also given him that most precious of possessions—hope.

Michael Stokes once had a farm and a haulage business. Bad luck ruined him. Homeless and penniless, he became a tramp.

Knocked down by a car a year ago, he has just been awarded £500 in your court, and is now leaving the workhouse to start business afresh at the age of seventy-three.

You must be glad of that. But it's paradoxical that in this rich land of ours a hard-working man can be given the chance to live only by meeting with a grave accident.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JACK HYLTON, Dance Band Directors' Assocn.

DEAR JACK,—Dance music is being disgraced again by the jazzing of hymn tunes. Aberdeen is agitated just now by the swinging of "O Come All Ye Faithful."

You, I know, will use your influence to prevent this stupid and sacrilegious practice from spreading.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY MANDER, M.P., Barton Street, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—After a Minister had given you an adequate answer to a question, you asked whether Herr Hitler had made up his mind to strike through the Ukraine or towards the west.

Five minutes later you chimed in again—you asked whether the Government wanted us to fight for Portuguese colonies.

Don't you think such questions fatuous and likely to imperil international relations?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P., Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—The appalling wave of juvenile crime goes on. But listen to the probation officer at Dartmouth police court:

"There are two reasons why no boys have been brought before the Court in the past six months: the erection of new houses and a new recreation ground. If boys can't play they look for mischief."

Let your colleague, the Minister of Health, provide the decent houses and adequate playing fields for which I have long clamoured, and the work of your Department will vanish like snow in a thaw.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Glasgow

GENTLEMEN,—Twenty girl passengers had the temerity to sing in one of your buses, so the driver rushed them to the nearest police station and gave them in charge.

I wonder if he was determined to keep alive the legend that Scots are dour, or did he feel that high-spirited youth should be made to share the gloom of the elderly "jitter-bugs"?—JOHN BULL.

The Tragic Stories "John Bull" Tells on This Page Provide—

Tasks for 3 Ministers

Once again blundering officialdom has ignored the duties of humanity in its slavish obedience to the letter of the law

Stanley Coxon

Arthur Glendening

Cheated by Law

ONCE Mr. Stanley Coxon was a brisk, successful business man. To-day he is destitute and a cripple, and those who are to blame for his suffering refuse to show him any compassion.

When the country was in the grip of the depression, the business with which Mr. Coxon was associated collapsed.

His whole fortune was in it, and he lost everything.

Leaving his family at Newport (Monmouthshire), he went to London to search for work. It was a vain quest.

Then, rather than beg or borrow from old friends, he sought shelter for a night in a public institution at Paddington.

As the price of bed and breakfast, he had to perform a task. It was a simple one—to wash down the high inside walls of the building.

Mr. Coxon was told to use a 12-ft. ladder for the job. He protested that this was dangerous. The walls were highly glazed. The ladder might slip.

It was admitted that a rigid pair of steps would be safer, but none was available. So he was ordered to get on with the job.

What Mr. Coxon had feared happened.

When he was at the top of the ladder, it slipped, and he fell heavily.

For weeks he was in hospital. He complained of great pain in his back, but the doctors were unable to find any damage to his spine. He was discharged as recovered and fit.

Actually he was almost helpless.

He was again put in hospital. And again he told the doctors that his back was injured. This time they diagnosed kidney trouble, and operated on him for that complaint.

Months passed. Mr. Coxon became worse.

He went to another hospital. There it was discovered that his spine had been fractured.

By this time business was improving and chances were open to Mr. Coxon.

But he was told that his condition was now incurable, and that he would never be able to resume his career. For the rest of his days he would have to wear spinal braces.

Mr. Coxon asked the Paddington institution authorities for redress.

Their answer was that they refused to accept any responsibility. In any case, they said, when the accident happened he was not a workman within the meaning of the Compensation Acts.

Mr. Coxon persisted in his claim, and another card was played. This time it was pointed out that any claim against a public body must be made within six months.

Of course, Mr. Coxon had not lodged one in that time. It had taken two years for the extent of his injuries to be discovered.

The authorities were urged, pleaded with, to abandon this shabby legal quirk. Instead, they have found another and even more despicable loophole.

They now contend that when Mr. Coxon accepted a night's lodging in a public institution, he thereby made himself technically a pauper.

And an ancient law has been raked up to show that, despite changed social conditions and conceptions, a pauper still has no legal rights.

The Minister of Health will be challenged in Parliament about this pitiful case. Dare he defend anything so monstrous?

Ruined for a Shilling —And Denied a Trial

FOR the sake of a shilling William Hambrook has been ruined.

For the sake of a shilling his honour has been stripped from him, and he has been made an outcast, driven from his home and the town where for twenty-five years he was respected.

For the sake of a shilling he, an innocent man, has been treated almost like a criminal, but, unlike a criminal, has been denied the trial that would clear his name.

To whom did the shilling belong? To the Post Office, which has profits of more than £12,000,000 a year!

William Hambrook was in charge of an important sub-post office in Chatham, Kent.

* * *

In the complicated work of such an office it is not unusual for small errors to be made in accountancy. Most of them are due to rush work, and are soon corrected at headquarters, where the accounts are sent daily.

For some weeks Mr. Hambrook was aware that there was a deficiency of about £9 in his records.

He showed it on his returns each day, and did not worry, expecting that the cause of the mistake would soon be traced.

But one day a flying squad of post office investigators arrived in Chatham. They used the ugly word "defalcation" to him and questioned him fiercely.

Then they showed him an order for the post office to be closed down. They seized the books and all money, postal orders, stamps and documents.

No explanation was given to Mr. Hambrook at the time—nor has one been given to him since.

Left helpless, without means of livelihood, he had to dispose of his home and premises for a tenth of the amount he had invested in them.

The money was soon used up, and for weeks that followed he and his family had to live on nothing but oatmeal.

Whenever he went out he saw people staring, pointing, whispering. At last he could stand it no longer and left the town.

Time and again he invited the authorities to prosecute him in the courts if they had evidence of any crime he had committed. They ignored him.

Until one day he was blandly informed that instead of him owing the Post Office money the Department was in debt to him.

It has since sent him £9 4s. 6d., with a brief statement revealing that the only deficit in his accounts was one shilling—caused by a mistake in charging poundage on a big money order.

* * *

Now that we have made this story public, JOHN BULL wants to know what the Postmaster-General means to do about it.

For the sake of a shilling the great organisation he controls has hounded a man to beggary.

For the sake of common humanity and justice the Postmaster-General must see that William Hambrook is reinstated or compensated for his martyrdom.

Homeless Hero

WITHIN the next few days, Arthur Glendening and his wife and children will be turned out of their home.

They owe £3 12s. for rent.

But they don't owe the money to a private landlord. No, they owe it to a great Government Department which collects more than £2,000,000 a year.

The Department is that of the Commissioners for Crown Lands, which looks after the housing and other estates surrendered long ago to the nation by the monarchy.

And it owns the drab house in Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, London, part of which was rented by Glendening for 12s. 6d. a week. He has lived there twelve years.

If Glendening had been an ordinary defaulter, its action in deciding to evict him and his family would be understandable.

But he is not. He is one of the most tragic men in Britain.

And the Commissioners for Crown Lands know it.

But red tape and hidebound regulations have strangled their sense of humanity.

Son of the famous water colour artist, Alfred Glendening, A.R.A., Glendening is one of that legion of war victims cast on the scrapheap without compensation.

In an attack on the Western Front he was shot in the spine by an explosive bullet, and left on the field for dead.

For two days he lay in No Man's Land and was then picked up by enemy stretcher-bearers. German surgeons saved his life.

After months in hospital he was sent to a concentration camp in Germany, where his skull was seriously injured by a blow from a sentry's shovel.

Eventually he was repatriated, underwent long hospital treatment and was discharged with a pension of 12s. a week, eked out with a few shillings earned by carving toys and models.

But within eighteen months that tiny pittance was stopped.

Since then, Glendening has been more than forty times in Ministry of Health or public hospitals, and has had seven major operations.

Even when he was in hospital the authorities would make no allowance for his wife and children.

They had to live as paupers.

Only once did the authorities give way. With desperate courage, Glendening refused to submit to an operation necessary to prolong his life unless provision was made for his family.

"I am willing to die," he said, "so that at my inquest the public may learn how an ex-Serviceman has been treated."

The Ministry of Pensions paid up.

But the last time he was in hospital it again refused to provide for his family. That is why he owes £3 12s. for rent.

That is why the Commissioners for Crown Lands, whose property is not controlled by the Rents Act, seek to drive him and his family into the street.

JOHN BULL demands that this shall be prevented.

There is only one man who can do that—Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, the new Minister for Agriculture, to whom the Crown Commissioners are answerable.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

Simon Slips but Never CRASHES

I SHALL always recall one picture of Sir John Simon. It was the first night of "The Plough and the Stars" at the Fortune Theatre.

Sean O'Casey, the author, who had been a dock worker, sat in the audience, trying to keep himself out of sight. People had gone expecting a scene. For Sean, whose violence of view was feared, was going on the stage, they said, to blurt out some home truths.

"The Plough and the Stars" dealt with the Dublin Rebellion, the looting of shops by the mob. It funked nothing. Sean had written it all down.

And, while the rehearsals went on, the General Strike paralysed the country's business.

Then into the first night walked Sir John Simon. He had that afternoon given in the House an opinion, based on deep searching of law books, that the General Strike was illegal, that the trade union funds could be seized. From that moment the strike was doomed.

NATURALLY, Sir John, whom I had never before seen at a first night, was surrounded by all sorts of well-known folk. They shook his hand and beamed.

"You have saved us," they said.

Then "The Plough and the Stars" was staged. The fear of rebellion in West End playgoers' minds gave way to rebellion on the stage.

Afraid no longer of reality, they enjoyed the work of an author's mind. . .

Sir John Simon remains the mystery man of politics—baffling, contradictory, a puzzle even to his friends.

Some declare that he, not Sam Hoare, will be the next Prime Minister. Others prophesy that, before long, the National Liberals, whom he leads, will be thrown out of what will become an all-Tory Government.

Sir John is now in a difficult spot, one in which, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has to find countless millions for an arms race largely brought about by his own conduct as Foreign Secretary.

FOR it was he who turned down Washington's approach when Henry Stimson, Secretary of State, sought British co-operation with the United States in the Far East.

Instead, Sir John actually made at Geneva a speech justifying Manchukuo—a speech which the Japanese delegate immediately declared was the one he had been trying to make for months.

So now we have China over-run.

Then, at Stresa, where he and Ramsay went to discuss Abyssinia with Mussolini weeks before Mussolini started his war, the Abyssinian expert at the Foreign Office, who was on the spot, was not sent for.

Abyssinia was not mentioned. Mussolini took it as a hint that he could go forward. When the League sought to apply sanctions, months afterwards, it was too late.

Then at the Disarmament Conference, Simon's blunder was such that it, perhaps more than anything else, brought about Hitlerism.

•

WHEN the German delegates, who represented a Republican Government, demanded arms equality, either in terms of disarmament or rearmament, according to the Treaty of Versailles, Sir John replied:—

"If we are going back to discuss Versailles at this late hour, where are we going to finish?"

The German delegates walked out, humiliated. Nine months or so later Hitler came back—with a mailed fist. His countrymen, ashamed of the plight to which they had been reduced, turned over to him for guidance.

It was Sir John, too, who negotiated the Naval Treaty with Germany in 1935. Now the Germans demand more submarines.

Then, when Sir John became Home Secretary, it was his job to start A.R.P. This was muddled. This was delayed. So when the Crisis came panic struck the country. For the first time in our island history, Britain trembled.

No wonder, then, that even in Great Yarmouth, to which division Sir John has run for safety, knowing that at the next election he must lose his seat in the Spen Valley, he is nervous over a 5,000 majority which he may lose.

In the Spen Valley he found himself opposed by Ivor Thomas, a *Times* leader-writer, who had come out on the Labour side.

Young Thomas, with a searching exposure of our foreign policy, reduced Sir John's majority from 12,952 to 642.

When, a few months ago, the local co-operators, still taxed in a Simon Budget, turned up a legal opinion Sir John had given in 1920, when he was not in office—an opinion in which he said: "Co-operative societies by their very nature could not make a profit"—that was the end of his faith in Spen Valley.

So he went to Yarmouth, because it was "nearer London"! Actually, by train it was only six minutes nearer!

Now, they say, he wants to get nearer still—perhaps Clapham, which has at present an M.P. who never makes a speech.

St. George's would be even nearer—and even safer. . . .

SIR JOHN, whose gifts are greater than his judgment, is in other jams. When Home Secretary during the war he left the Government rather than support Conscription. With all this talk of Conscription now in the air, what will he say this time?

He has a name that is unfortunate. "Simony" means the sale of a living. Anti-Simonites declare that this Government has not only sold the living, but the dead.

But in spite of all that, Sir John is a great Parliamentarian. His speech in defence of Munich, one made under great difficulty, was a triumph of forensic skill.

At the Home Office he reprieved as many murderers as he could within the law.

Although chilly and detached, he is a fine figure on the platform.

He is a man who has given up a vast annual income to fill comparatively ill-paid office in Whitehall.

Now Sir John's future is in the lap of the gods.

Neville, when challenged over the composition of his Government, throws out Tories but keeps the National Liberals in. Yet they represent almost nothing, no more than do the National Labour group.

Sir John during his long career at the Bar has scored many triumphs. Now he has to defend himself. Yet not even that, say cynics, is beyond his debating powers.

PERHAPS he has gone to Yarmouth to find a new red herring, for the Government of which he is a leading partner has used up all the old ones.

In 1914, John Burns, John Morley and John Simon all decided to leave the Government rather than take part in the war. Sir John then changed his mind. He felt it his duty to stop in. The other two felt it their duty to keep out.

Nowadays, he has to raise countless millions for arms, and at the same time defend his share in the betrayal of the League of Nations which would have made it all unnecessary.

Last year when he raised income-tax by sixpence, they quoted from the Acts of the Apostles the phrase: "Simon, a tanner." No, it wasn't a cheap phrase, but a very expensive one.

This year, I fear, Simon's new Budget demands will be beyond a joke. . . .

He is the mystery man of politics—a puzzle even to his friends

How to Beat the Floods

ONE day, crisp snow lying deeply over the countryside.

The next day—swirling floods, ugly, menacing, submerging the main streets of towns and marooning thousands of people in houses up and down the country.

That has been the latest vagary of the most mixed winter, from the weather point of view, that this country has experienced for many years.

How powerless mankind is against flood! Dykes built for protection give way before it. Drainage schemes prove unavailing when the torrent gluts the sewers. Yet there is one excellent safeguard, a safeguard which you owe it to yourself to adopt.

It has helped many West Country residents during the floods along the coast in the early part of this tiring winter.

Water rose slowly above street level until it lapped their doorsteps. Then it began encroaching on the houses.

Soon the ground floors were submerged. Hours of misery followed—misery that can only be understood by people who have known their homes to be turned into dripping, water-logged caverns.

Then, when the flood recedes, there is the dismal spectacle of furniture and floor coverings ruined by flood-water and its even more miserable cousin mud.

But that safeguard we mentioned—it is merely a question of signing a form, a form which you will find on page 2 of this issue.

Because these West Country readers we mention took that precaution, they were protected under JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme—the scheme that is our gift to you.

And the result was that we shouldered their losses. The cheques from us that dropped through the letter-boxes of those houses did more good than all the fires that could be stoked up high.

You need this protection. This winter of unpleasant surprises hasn't run its course yet. Besides, there is a multitude of other eventualities you need protection against.

Why not turn to page 2 and sign—*now*?

Sir Wyndham Childs Helped to Jail

These Two Master Rogues

Posed as Servants' SAVIOUR

It will be a long time before plausible Captain Russell smokes his pipe again

"Good work . . . your exposures helped to put this scoundrel where he belongs."

THIS is typical of scores of messages which have reached me since the conviction some days ago of Captain Frederick Russell.

My department feels proud of its pursuit of this plausible crook, who, for more than five years, robbed women of their savings by his worthless domestic agency schemes.

His defiance of every recognised code of law was kept up right to the moment he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey.

Banging his fist on the ledge of the dock he accused the Judge of winking at the jury, and when the foreman protested he turned round and called them all ninnies.

For years he had been shouting his way through courts like this, and he was even more abusive to some of his victims, who tried to make him pay back the money he owed them.

Yet he had the impudence to smile at three whole rows of these women dupes at the Old Bailey, and exclaim: "They know I am the only man to help them"!

In sums ranging from £50 to £300 he had fleeced people, many of them ex-nurses, of thousands of pounds.

All the time he was posing as the protector of domestic servants—those four million souls, he declared, disparagingly referred to as "slaveys," "skiveys" or "only servants."

He was going to end all that. The organisation he meant to build up would give them the status to which their honourable vocation was entitled.

While he was trying to form this great British Domestic Servants' Protective Society, he was advertising for women with a little money to be trained to take charge of domestic agencies which were to be established throughout the British Isles.

At first they were asked to pay £30 for this tuition, which, it was promised, would lead to jobs worth £5 a week.

Later bigger sums were asked for as investments.

Right from the beginning JOHN BULL sensed a cunning trap behind these promises, and investigators were set to work.

In December, 1933, we published an article exposing Russell as a fee-snatcher, who did not intend to spend any of his own money on the cause he was boosting.

"I am," he had told a caller, "getting all I need from people who want jobs."

CAPTAIN RUSSELL was more than indignant when he read this article. He was furious.

"I demand a full and abject apology," he thundered. "AND big compensation."

He was told promptly and firmly that he would get nothing of the sort.

In issuing his writ he complained that our article had brought his business to a standstill.

That is exactly what we intended it should do.

It is what JOHN BULL is out to do every week of its life when it finds fraud and deceit.

Though we knew Russell was bluffing hard, it was necessary, of course, to make exhaustive preparations to refute his flimsy action.

Costs piled up.

Still, JOHN BULL was determined to call the bluff, and, after wriggling through delay after delay, Russell was compelled to submit his claim to the test of a Judge and jury in April, 1937—more than three years after the article appeared.

He claimed £5,613 as special damages.

During the eight-days' hearing he conducted his own case.

HE lost his action, and we were awarded costs.

Russell could not meet them, but in his usual grand manner he at once lodged an appeal.

After more delaying tactics he lost that, too, involving us, of course, in further costs, which he had not the remotest hope or intention of paying.

In all, his legal posturing cost us nearly £2,000.

To this day we have not been able to get a penny out of him.

We could have made him a bankrupt, but there is not much satisfaction in that.

JOHN BULL was more concerned in watching that he did not attempt his mean frauds in another direction.

And it was not long before he was up to his old tricks.

He started The Multiple Domestic Agencies at Hove, and from there he proclaimed he was going to forge his chain of offices right through the country.

Immediately I warned everyone to keep away from him, and from time to time I have repeated the warning.

But unhappily he hoodwinked a number of trusting women.

When they wrote to me it was too late. They had parted with their savings, and there was little hope of getting anything back.

The London County Council and the authorities in other towns refused to grant him a licence, and when he contested these decisions in court he invariably made a nuisance of himself, insulting everyone who dared to question his motives.

JUDGES or magistrates before whom he appeared were always nincompoops in his estimation; he told them so in the rudest way he could.

But it was obvious that sooner or later this arrogant cheat would tangle himself in his own schemes, and I was glad when the police were able to trap him in some of his swindles, engineered from an office he opened in Tunbridge Wells.

At last he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey.

The lesson to be learned from Captain Frederick Russell's well-deserved punishment is the one I am constantly urging on JOHN BULL readers:

Don't trust anyone with your money until you have taken advice.

The more plausible the proposition the more danger there is.

I have records of most of the known and likely crooks.

Write to me first. Don't wait until you have been tricked.

Swindled His Way to Wealth

SINCE he was sentenced at the Old Bailey last week to two years for fraud, columns have appeared in the newspapers about Michael Daniel Corrigan, the Mayfair swindler.

JOHN BULL, as in many other instances, did not wait until this rogue was in jail before it turned searchlights on his activities.

* * *

As long ago as November, 1937, we showed how he was financing smuggling rackets.

Then on February 5 last year we published a full page exposure under the heading, "Daniel Corrigan—Hans Andersen of Crime."

Corrigan was living in great style then and he had large funds at his disposal, but he did not attempt to vindicate himself.

We did not mince words in describing him as the picturesque scoundrel he was, and we showed the cunning scheming and edge-of-the-law trickery that lay behind the mask of this adventurer, as he preened himself in the most exclusive and expensive hotels.

* * *

Our exposure was too deadly accurate for him even to try the familiar bluster of threatening an action for libel.

Instead, he falsely accused the manager of a famous hotel in the West End of London of giving JOHN BULL access to certain documents.

He knew, of course, that any such suggestion was ridiculous.

In June last we exposed him again as a Public Enemy.

Corrigan—the Public Enemy

EXTRAVAGANT and unreasonable verdicts in libel actions against newspapers were condemned by Mr. Justice Hanna at a recent meeting of the Institute of Journalists in Dublin. He urged that:

All libel actions against newspapers should be tried by a judge without a jury;

And that the publication of an apology or withdrawal should be sufficient protection without paying any sum into court, unless the person libelled could prove pecuniary loss.

Such reforms, he declared, would protect newspapers against "libel gold-diggers."

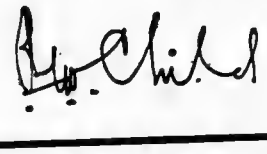
Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

An Amazing Family Exposed

Superintendent James Craig, Chief of the Leeds C.I.D., where big dossiers concerning the Craven family are filed

IN future, readers who write to me will receive with my reply a printed envelope addressed to me personally.

By using them, the sorting of "John Bull's" large general post-bag will be facilitated, and further correspondence will reach me more quickly.



YORKSHIRE police are at their wits' end to know how to deal with an extraordinary family whose business methods have hovered on the brink of the law for more than twenty years.

As ladder and building equipment manufacturers they have run through this saga on an amazing sequence of flimsy excuses and two bankruptcies.

From all over the North complaints pour in from exasperated customers who cannot obtain delivery of goods ordered and paid for.

And they are still piling up in a bulging dossier at Leeds police headquarters!

Three times Herbert Craven, the fifty-six-year-old father, has been charged with obtaining money by false pretences, but on each occasion the magistrates refused to convict because there was a promise that delivery would be made as soon as possible.

Yet there are scores of people who have had most unsatisfactory dealings with this dilatory firm, and, through the years, thousands of pounds have been involved.

No wonder the police feel that some strange twist of providence guards this family.

When Herbert Craven started the business in 1918 it was called the Craven Ladder and Builders' Appliance Company, and his address was 3, Berkley View, Leeds. He also rented a small yard in Cowper Road.

Almost from the beginning there was trouble over delay in delivery.

Craven, who toured for orders, always secured at least a substantial deposit, and frequently the whole amount was collected in advance, because a large discount was offered for cash.

When he was pressed for delivery there was one excuse after another, and repeated promises that delivery would be made.

How he carried on for twelve years, keeping most of his customers at bay, and often delivering only when continually pressed, is almost incredible.

In 1930 the strain apparently grew too great, because he became bankrupt.

But that was not the end of the Craven business.

A daughter restarted it and employed her father as manager and traveller.

Shortly afterwards the elder son took over, still employing his father.

Just as when the father was head of the business, customers who had paid for materials were fobbed off with excuses.

However, by 1937, so many of them had secured judgment summonses that the son, Jack Craven, also became bankrupt, with heavy liabilities.

The Official Receiver is still waiting for essential books and accounts to complete the enquiry.

Even after this second rebuff the Craven business sprouted up again.

This time a younger son, Tom, took the lead with Father Craven as salesman.

At first he carried on at the same premises in Buslingthorpe Lane where his brother had been.

In August they were destroyed by fire and he then moved to Alma Street, Leeds. Now he is in Foundry Lane.

His father is still busy taking orders and the police are still worried with complaints.

Intriguing though it may be, it is time the last chapter of this Craven saga was written.

He Wants to Start a Gold Rush

MR. C. W. GAMMON, a mining prospector from Mexico and California, does not believe in the old-fashioned gold trail.

"You may lose all your money," is the unusual notice he has stuck up at the entrance to his road to a new Klondyke.

But, if the enterprise is successful, the possibilities of profit are almost unlimited, he hastens to assure those who are asked to buy bonds in his Gold Bullion Finance Company of London, Ltd.

* * *

He seems surprised that his novel scheme should make people in this country sceptical.

Perhaps he does not realise that his frank warning loses some of its glit in the light of sad experiences over here with these dazzling gold mine propositions.

Though Mr. Gammon's £5 bonds are offered with a promised interest of 12 per cent. per annum, payable monthly—in fine gold, if desired!—they are no different from similar highly speculative investments.

Money obtained in this way is to be used to buy and exploit gold mines and, in addition to the interest on the bonds, holders are promised half the issued shares of one of the mining companies that *may be formed.*

Bonds it is stated, are secured by all the assets of the company, both present and future

The published prospectus is not very informative about any assets there may be.

* * *

Capital is given at £100, divided into 96,000 shares of one farthing each.

The company, in the prospectus, undertakes to sell bonds at a commission not exceeding 10 per cent.

Yet I have before me a letter from Mr Gammon in which he offers one prospective salesman a commission of 20 per cent. and other inducements.

I would be inclined to put up an even franker notice on the whole proposition. It would read: "Keep your money in your pocket."

You Have Been Warned

PEOPLE whose names have appeared in various papers as competition winners are being worried by Elizabeth Doherty, of Malin, County Donegal, to buy Irish Sweepstake tickets.

She emphasises that money and counterfoils should be sent to her.

Apart from the fact that the transaction is illegal over here, anyone would be foolish to send money to this woman.

* * *

"TOWN and Country Review" is another of those masquerading magazines which offer to print puffing articles about firms and people in the hope of unloading quantities of copies.

A West Bridgeford (Notts) reader has just received a suggested article about his confectionery business with the usual touting letter.

The owners, Albany Publishing Company, Ltd., of Old Kent Road, London, S.E., sued a Derby ironmonger a few years ago for £29 for blocks to illustrate an article.

Promptly the judge knocked off 50 per cent.

* * *

FROM Belfast a clothier handed an overdue account of 25s. to the United Kingdom Accountancy Offices, High Holborn, London, W.C., for collection.

Four months later he heard by chance from the customer that he had paid the amount to this firm about two months before.

After long delay his demand for settlement brought him a cheque for 7s. 6d.!

Balance was accounted for by various expenses, although the advertised rate for collection was 1s. 6d. in the pound.

* * *

"CALL of the sea" comes to most persons at some time, says the literature from Cope's Shipping Office, Nile Street, Brighton.

Yes, and the call of Mr. Cope's misleading advertisements blares louder than ever about this time of the year.

They read: Ocean liners.—Become stewards, stewardesses, clerks, barmen, bellboys. Particulars of voyages, duties, wages, *free.*

Italics are mine, because those who reply are asked to send 3s. 6d. for information they can obtain from any shipping company office.

Here's a New Money Wizard

A WEEKLY dividend of £5 on a weekly investment of £1 is the fabulous offer of Mr. J. W. Hammond, a newly arisen financial wizard.

His ingenuous letter, headed "Hammonds, Builders and Contractors," is sent out from a solitary desk in a dingy basement room in Conduit Place, Paddington, London, W.

The yearly subscription for membership of his lucky circle is 5s., and weekly investments may be as low as 1s.

It seems to be all the same to him. One shilling weekly brings 5s. dividend weekly—or 500 per cent., he adds as an afterthought.

Subscriptions, he says, are pooled and invested in "gilt-edged operations."

When one of my investigators looked in on him he seemed a little nervous.

He declared that his membership of 200 was complete.

"These good things only come along once in a while and are quickly snapped up, you know."

Some of the assurance of the financial giant returned when he said that.

I should be sorry to think that 200 people had been foolish enough to be bamboozled by this arrogant nonsense.

Readers who have sent his letter on to me were under no delusion.

Public Benefactor

Prompt information about a bare-faced ramp secures this week's £1 1s. for Mr. L. A. J. Cramphorn, of Arras Avenue, Morden, Surrey.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Write to JOHN BULL About It!

WOMEN who WAIT

Her lifetime's toil may lead her to the workhouse for all the Government cares!

WE BEG TO REPORT—No. 4

"JOHN BULL," impatient at the delay of the "Cobweb Commissions," is making its own enquiries into great national scandals. This week we expose the incredible

Pensions Injustices

JOHN BULL has no wish to disturb the happiness of a very dear old woman who has been awarded the widow's pension recently.

But the facts, in our opinion, need telling.

She gets her pension as the widow of a man who served at the Battle of Waterloo one hundred and fifteen years ago.

You might imagine her to be at least a hundred and forty years old.

But, no, her husband was a fourteen-year-old bugler at Waterloo. And he married her when she was a young girl and he was considerably older.

The law which governs the award of the new widows' pension assumes that he, like many hundreds of thousands of other men who died (or reached the age of seventy) before January 4, 1926, would have contributed to the pension scheme if they had had the chance.

This Battle of Waterloo hero obviously falls into that category. So his widow, still well below the old-age pension mark, draws a widow's pension.

We have said that we don't begrudge her the pension. Let us tell you of another widow-pensioner to whom we don't begrudge the money.

She speaks hardly a word of English. She is, indeed, German—and would go back to the bosom of her German family if it didn't entail the loss of a life pension.

But see what happened.

An Englishman went over to the Black Forest in 1922, saw her, liked her, married her.

He died before January 4, 1926.

The law assumes that he would have contributed to the scheme if he had had the chance.

And a German woman who can speak hardly a word of English stays in this country as a life pensioner at *your* expense.

There are thousands of women who—although in no real need—draw their widows' pensions just as easily as that.

Forgotten Women

And the law being the law—with these awards strictly in accordance with the law—it is not for us to criticise them.

But another point arises.

A committee was appointed last April to scent out injustices to women in connection with old-age pensions and widows' pensions legislation.

It hasn't reported yet. From which you might conceivably think that injustices are hard to find.

So let JOHN BULL report.

No fewer than 700,000 widows have been permitted to draw their 10s. old-age pension at fifty-five—the pension being graced with the name of widows' pension when paid in these circumstances.

That would be excellent if there were only 700,000 needy widows in the country.

There are, however, another 530,000 widows who might well be called the nation's forgotten women.

Half of them are very poor. And more than 100,000 of them are living unutterably miserable lives on parish relief.

Why, you might wonder, should they be allowed to suffer in this way while there are foreign-born women living here merely for the life-pensions they can exact?

Because our extraordinary Government gives pensions to widows not on the basis of their needs but through an accident—or a series of accidents—created by its own laws.

To begin with, most widows who are deprived of widows' pensions have been penalised in this way because their husbands didn't live long enough beyond January 4, 1926, to do 104 weeks of work, and so get 104 stamps on their cards.

And in many more cases because unemployment dogged their husbands so pathetically and persistently that those 104 stamps were unattainable.

Many of them reached 100 stamps. Many more 101. Some 102. Some 103.

But unless those men lived long enough or were lucky enough with their employment to put 104 weekly stamps on their cards, their wives can either starve or "go on the parish"—until old age comes to their rescue with its entirely insufficient old-age pension.

Not only they, but their children can starve, too.

We get their letters in the JOHN BULL office—in thousands.

Starving

They scour and scrub and lift weights that not even a young woman should be permitted to lift; they work hours that are a standing disgrace to the so-called civilised days in which we live, at pittances that will hardly enable them to keep body and soul together.

The women who trudge through the streets of our big cities the moment early morning trains and trams and buses start moving include a huge proportion of these Forgotten Widows.

They work their fingers to the bone to avoid the approach to the public assistance people that they think will one day be inevitable.

Their perpetual nightmare is the grim building which we are now too fastidious to call the workhouse.

With them are the scores of thousands of women who are ineligible for pensions because their husbands were black-coat workers, and therefore not qualified to contribute.

No Hope

The Government that gives widows' pensions to women who can't speak King's English merely shrugs its shoulders at their plight.

It not only says: "Nothing doing," but adds: "We cannot offer any hope that we shall ever be able to help you."

There is another injustice to women under the contributory pensions Acts which it shouldn't take a committee long to discover.

That is the injustice of old-age pensions.

As if it isn't scandal enough that the old-age pension should be a mere 10s. a week in days when it is difficult to find rooms rented so low, 250,000 old couples are being made to live on one old-age pension.

The husband is compelled by order of his firm, inability to work, inability to find a job, or for one of a variety of other reasons, to give up work on reaching the pensionable age. But his wife may be a few years under pensionable age.

Therefore both have to exist on the 10s. a week which, in the minds of all reasonable people, is totally insufficient even for the needs of one.

It is a big enough struggle for one old-age pensioner to live on one old-age pension.

It means buying cheap Japanese goods, wrapping-up old bodies in imported underwear devoid of warmth, using sheets of newspaper as blankets, selling treasured furniture and mementoes—things that are a disgrace to a nation that finds money so readily for armaments.

The meanness is responsible for the fact that 18,869 old people in three counties of South Wales alone have to trudge to the public assistance people for relief—that such relief costs Glasgow £900,000 a year, the country as a whole many millions a year.

Are these injustices? Without a doubt, they are.

The Government that is so anxious to investigate the injustices to women contained in these pensions Acts sets up a committee, yet asks that committee to devote itself solely to the problem of single women!

There are injustices enough as far as the single women are concerned. We leave it to the committee to find them out. It is giving itself plenty of time.

It might well recommend pensions for aging spinsters. The plight of many scores of thousands of them is pitiable in the extreme.

Cheated

But think of those women who can't speak English, but draw a life pension: the woman who is entitled to widow's pension as the widow of a man who fought at Waterloo!

Compare their lot with that of the women cheated by one stamp! And with the women who must live on a half-share of a husband's old-age pension!

Not even the Government spokesmen attempt to excuse these glaring anomalies and these pitiless injustices.

They plead poverty, seek to defend the muddle created by their own short-sighted laws by arguing that it would cost too much to extend and improve the pensions system.

But it is not their own money with which they are concerned. It is the nation's money.

And it is clear that the nation is anxious to see the elderly Women Who Wait given fair treatment.

Away with State parsimony!

Away with laws that are governed by accident!

Sport and play use up ENERGY

. . . and that's exactly why BREAD—the best of all the energy-providing foods—is so good for energetic youngsters. Whatever else goes with it—it is most important that there should be bread in abundance to provide the necessary energy.

BREAD *for energy*

C.P.H.524

Is it doing her any harm?

● **IT'S WHAT YOU GIVE THEM FOR SUPPER THAT ANSWERS THAT!**

Ten hours of hard school work and harder play — and then, at the end of it, homework for to-morrow! Is it too much for a child — even a naturally strong and healthy one? It can be — often is: but it needn't be — if her mother knows what *supper* can do to help!

It's supper, as diet research has proved, that determines whether or not a child can regain the energy spent throughout the day. It's supper, the smallest, least considered meal, that has the biggest effect — on *sleep*. Sleep, that can put back all that lost energy and to spare — if supper is light enough for easy digestion, yet sufficiently nourishing too.

There's one simple supper that's always right — and that's a light supper with Bournville Cocoa. A supper light enough for dreamless sleep: and yet — because cocoa makes every meal go further — a supper that builds a reserve of energy for another day like the last. Children get the supper they *need* when you give them Bournville Cocoa!

Rolls 4 times across her room in her sleep. *Sleeping perfectly normally, a child turns over in bed 40 to 50 times in a night. If the rolling were all in one direction, instead of first to one side then the other, she'd roll some 60 feet between bedtime and breakfast! You can't stop a child expending energy — even at night. But you can put the energy back — and to spare — with Bournville!*

CADBURYS

Bournville Cocoa

6° a ¼ lb tin
11° a ½ lb tin

MAKES A LIGHT SUPPER

THE RIGHT SUPPER

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COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS!

Dresses like this girl's are now made from grass and wood.

● No one has a good word to say of the times in which we live. Yet people of the future will look back to the present day with admiration and gratitude.

● For this is the heyday of Invention and Discovery—boons that lighten humanity's labours and grace its leisure, that are ushering in an Age of Plenty.

● So, for a few minutes, turn your eyes away from troublous news and see how many unnoticed blessings the world is enjoying.

WHEN the history of the past few years is written, it will be said that, though they brought turmoil, barbarity and woe to a bewildered world, they also offered mankind more boons than whole centuries had granted in the past.

Because the world's attention has been fixed on the menaces which it faces, this progress has been almost unnoticed. Good news is no news, it seems.

But it is time we realised that the builders are building faster than the wreckers are pulling down. It is time we began to count our blessings as well as our misfortunes.

First, let us cheer a tremendous victory which has just been won in the war against disease and human suffering. It is perhaps the greatest in all the annals of medicine.

A new weapon has been forged, and with it two of the world's most certain killers, pneumonia and "childbed fever," have been almost wiped out.

A death-rate of as much as 30 per cent. has been reduced to 2 or 3 per cent.

They call this new weapon chemotherapy, which simply means a chemical that will kill a certain germ in the body but affect nothing else.

JUST about the time Hitler was marching into the Rhineland, two German scientists named Domagk and Horlein were experimenting with certain compounds of sulphur and aniline.

They found one which had an intense lethal effect on one of the most virulent of all germs, the streptococcus, which causes dozens of severe and deadly illnesses like meningitis, puerperal fever, "septic poisoning," and many others.

The results were so immediate and spectacular that, in the words of Horlein, they "seemed too good to be true." But the two men told other doctors and researchers—everywhere. For science knows no frontiers, and you can't ban the export of thought.

So, all over the world, men began pulling these compounds about and testing them. One British team of researchers made over 700 different combinations of the substance, each differing slightly in structure from the others.

One of these, to which they have given the name M&B 693 (its number in the series), was found to be a remorseless enemy of the pneumonia germ.

At the Middlesex Hospital, a Doctor Whitby—whose name was first heard of when King George V lay gravely ill—began to achieve some astounding results with the substance.

Dangerous temperatures began to come down in a few hours. Patients in the worst stage of pneumonia were, in some cases, sitting up and taking nourishment in a couple of days.

Recently the newspapers carried stories of a young husband's frantic search by radio and aeroplane for samples of a rare pneumonia serum which was the last hope of saving his wife's life.

That is not likely to happen again. Every hospital in the country now carries stocks of this new wonder drug.

Intense activity is going on in the laboratories with other substances of the group to find out which may be "poison" to yet other deadly germs.

The fortresses of disease are falling everywhere. A few months ago—and almost simultaneously in Britain, Germany and America—there was announced the discovery of the "ultra-microscope." It magnifies nearly 3,000,000 times.

Which means that under this microscope a halfpenny would look about forty miles wide!

With it the scientists hope to be able to study the viruses, tiniest of all living things and the presumed cause of influenza, many fevers, and perhaps cancer.

ALREADY they have established that the virus which causes mosaic disease in the tobacco plant is actually a crystal—a "dead" thing. Yet it has the capacity of spreading and multiplying like a *living* thing.

Somewhere here may be the answer to the greatest of all riddles, the mystery of life.

The scientists are asking themselves: Is there some stage when inert, dead substance becomes living?

After health and medicine, some of the greatest discoveries in these years of crisis have been made with food.

The dictators are clamouring for self-sufficiency in food, for the sake of its military virtues. The scientists are achieving it for the sake of humanity and to end the ancient spectre of famine.

Several British research ships, one of which returned only last year, have found that "plankton," small organisms which abound in inexhaustible quantities in the sea, can be collected, compressed and dried. They are full of fats and other food properties and are more nutritious than the finest meat.

TWO other discoveries are changing the whole face of land crops.

Wheat, cotton, and potato crops show an increase of 40 per cent. if the seeds are first subjected to a beam of ultra-sound. This sound, which is above the range of the human ear, is produced by sending a powerful electric current through a vibrating crystal.

It has also been found that just as there are in the body hormones which mean all the difference to normal health and growth, so there are plant hormones. Several of these mysterious chemicals were isolated last year by German and English scientists working in conjunction.

BY using some hormones, giant tomato plants have been grown. Do you remember H. G. Wells' famous story, "Food of the Gods"? This discovery makes just another of his prophecies come true.

Plants treated by either of these discoveries are resistant to most of the agricultural diseases which cost the world millions of pounds annually, and which are a prime cause of famine and high food prices.

After food—work.

In this country we have at last begun to realise that research means everything to industry and to employment. Ninety per cent. of Britain's factories employ less than 100 people each. Obviously, these owners could not afford laboratories. But they can get their processes improved now through research associations, which spread the cost.

The electrical industry is just one example. Discoveries have crowded in on this field during the past three years.

For a total expenditure of £80,000, more than £1,000,000 annually is now being saved—and more than 50,000 new workers have been engaged in this industry alone.

Potent for this country's defence and for a future source of cheap power is the British discovery of how to obtain power alcohol and "wood gas" from waste vegetable matter. More than 30 gallons per ton can be extracted from waste potato, cane and maize crops. Glycerine and sugar can be obtained, too.

Mr. G. H. Donald, of the Forest Products Research Laboratories at Princes Risborough, drives his 24-h.p. car on wood chips.

He can travel *fifty* miles at *fifty* miles per hour on sixpenny-worth of wood.

The only snags are that his car takes about four minutes to start "from cold" and it needs refuelling every hundred miles.

While most of the Governments have been thinking of clothing in terms of khaki or field grey, the chemists have produced a cotton-seed which grows to any desired colour *in the fibre*. Also, just as artificial silk is made from wood, there is now an artificial wool, "lanatol," which is made out of milk products.

MOREOVER, the twentieth-century miracle called "plastics" has within the last year reached a stage when almost any article from aero fuselage to furniture can be made from cheese, wood, urea and coal tar.

Latest development is a transparent plastic with three times the light-passing powers of finest glass, five times the strength, and a quarter of the weight. It can be moulded easily to any shape.

At present, the military authorities of all countries have grabbed it for making bomber gun-turrets. When we ordinary people get a look in, it will mean £30 cameras for about £5, and superb field-glasses for a few shillings.

In every other sphere of human effort similar big strides have been made in discovery and invention.

All of them are blessings bringing more work, abundance, better health and housing, cheaper amenities of civilisation.

If only the drum-rolling and sabre-rattling would stop for a while! Then we could really begin to take advantage of the Age of Plenty which science has won for us during these last gloomy, exasperating years.

For that Age of Plenty is not "around the corner." It is waiting for us—now.

Tell Us

IS anything wrong with your Home Town?

Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool—all the chief cities of Britain, well governed as they are, have grievances crying for reform; scandals that are municipal skeletons.

Each city must have some problem or injustice peculiarly its own.

"John Bull" proposes to make a complete investigation in the principal cities. But first we need the guidance of their inhabitants.

So write to "John Bull" at once saying what is wrong with your city; what it lacks, and where it fails.

WARNING TO WIVES

Kiss me goodnight, dearest
Yes, Robin darling, but you must go straight to sleep
THERE. TOM'LL BE HOME IN HALF AN HOUR. I WISH I DIDN'T GET SO TIRED BY THE EVENINGS. HE HATES IT SO
Anything wrong, Mary, you do look drawn and washed-out
For heaven's sake, Tom, don't pick on me. I can't help getting tired
Thousands of other women do their own housework just like you — and they don't get tired. Why are you such a special case?
TOM WASN'T ALTOGETHER TO BLAME. HE COULDN'T HELP THINKING HOW TIRED AND DRAWN MARY LOOKED COMPARED WITH THE WIVES OF HIS FRIENDS
NEXT DAY
Tom's so unfair, Mother. Can I help it if looking after Robin and the house make me tired?
But, Mary, it can't be just the housework that makes you so tired, because you tell me you wake tired every morning, no matter how much sleep you get — it's your health! You'd better see a doctor
AT THE DOCTOR'S
... what can I do, doctor? The continual tiredness tells on my looks so.
That's always the case with Night Starvation, Mrs. Burton. Because in my opinion that's your trouble. You see, even at night you go on using up energy in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions. In your case this has also led to an excess of acid waste products in the blood. All this causes you to wake tired, feel and look run-down. Now recent tests have proved that it's Horlicks people need for this condition. Start tonight...
AND SO A HOT CUPFUL OF HORLICKS FOR MARY EVERY NIGHT AT BEDTIME
SIX WEEKS LATER
Oh, Mummy, you look like a fairy princess. Where are you going?
I'm going out with Daddy, darling. Granny'll put you to bed
HALF AN HOUR LATER
Listen, Mary (Whisper) You're the most attractive girl here
Darling don't tickle my ear. THERE. HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME AGAIN. THANK GOODNESS FOR HORLICKS

DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS IN HOSPITAL TESTS

AN AMAZING series of hospital tests has recently been made on men and women. Doctors wanted to find out why some people always wake tired, feel run-down, "nervy," not up to their jobs.

Groups of these people slept under test conditions and each night at regular intervals blood was taken from their arms. It was tested and found in most cases to contain an excess of acid waste products such as carbon dioxide (CO_2). This excess acid waste was activating their brain and nerves, which means that though their bodies were sound asleep, their brain and nerves lay wide awake.

When the doctors gave these same people Horlicks last thing at night, it was found that the Horlicks not only replaced energy used up in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions, but it also brought about the removal of excess acid waste products. The result was that these people woke refreshed next morning. Taking Horlicks regularly at bedtime, they soon regained their full vitality.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS *GUARDS AGAINST* **NIGHT STARVATION**

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Now's the Time!

A. G. Gardiner

shows how Peace can be assured

Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella has become a symbol of peace

IN times of stress and anxiety like the present there is a natural tendency in the mind to snatch at auguries and to swing violently from one extreme to the other.

We have experienced such a swing in the last ten days. The mood has changed from fear to hope.

It may be that the reaction is as excessive as the fear that preceded it. We must guard against that and be prepared for disappointments.

BUT, WHILE OBSERVING THIS CAUTION, I THINK IT IS UNDENIABLE THAT THE OUTLOOK HAS CHANGED FOR THE BETTER AND THAT POWERFUL FORCES WHICH MAKE FOR PEACE HAVE COME INTO PLAY FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The most important of them is public opinion.

It would not be extravagant to say that in the struggle in which Mr. Chamberlain is engaged with the dictators the main object on both sides is to mobilise popular feeling behind them.

Even Hitler and Mussolini, though they loathe democracy, know that they are dependent on its support.

Hence their seizure of all the vehicles of propaganda—the newspapers, the radio, the platform, everything.

CONTROL propaganda, says Hitler, and you can make the public believe anything—"that Hell is Heaven and that Heaven is Hell."

Hence, too, their fury at the freedom of speech and criticism in the countries round them.

It is not enough to conceal the truth and doctor the fact in their own territories. They must prevent the truth leaking in from outside.

In this way they have failed, and this fact is at the root of the changing outlook.

Whatever disagreements we may have with certain aspects of his policy, this is Mr. Chamberlain's own personal triumph.

His patient and unresting pursuit of peace has touched the imagination of the world. Most of all it has touched the imagination of the dictator countries.

The legend of his umbrella is a joke, but a joke with a deep significance.

The umbrella has become the symbol to people shuddering on the abyss of war of a hope of deliverance. The almost hysterical welcome he received in Italy was a political fact of sensational moment.

It meant that the people of Italy hungered for peace and recognised that Mr. Chamberlain and the country he represented were the only force that could save them from war.

THE contrast between that astounding public enthusiasm and the grim silence in which Herr Hitler on his visit to Rome paraded through the streets armed and controlled like a beleaguered city is eloquent of the real mind of Italy.

And so in Germany. Wherever Mr. Chamberlain appeared in those hectic September days, he and his umbrella aroused the same frenzy.

I WAS NOT SURPRISED THE OTHER DAY TO HEAR A GERMAN SAY THAT HE IS THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THAT COUNTRY, NOT BECAUSE HE YIELDED TO HITLER, BUT BECAUSE HE SAVED EUROPE FROM WAR.

It is this now universal conviction in the dictator countries that Britain is fighting for world peace that is the new factor in the situation.

It means that the dragooned democracies know where the danger lies and it explains the alarm of the dictators.

The truth is leaking in in spite of all their efforts to keep it out and they are on their defence to their own people.

They scent danger at home. And that danger is not confined to the breakdown of the propaganda and the consequent public enlightenment that is spreading.

NO, it arises from the internal discontents that are daily becoming more menacing.

In Germany the whole resources of the nation have been so recklessly flung into the war furnace that the people are becoming impoverished beyond endurance.

The evidence of this is now so overwhelming and comes from such innumerable urces as to be beyond question.

In spite of the sixty-hour week production is declining. And it is declining by deliberate policy on the part of the worker.

Austria has proved a liability instead of an asset, and Schacht's resignation indicates the desperate economic straits to which the dictatorship is reduced.

All the omens point to an internal upheaval, and it is that menace from within that can be read in the changed tone of Herr Hitler.

The case of Italy is not less ominous. The vast sacrifices which Mussolini has made to his imperial ambitions has bled his unhappy country white.

Abyssinia is a white elephant—all expenditure and no return, a still largely unconquered country with a great army locked up in its posts and "eating its head off."

And Spain, still unconquered, continues to drag the unfortunate Italians deeper into the pit of bankruptcy.

It does not follow from all this that the danger of war has passed. The calamitous state to which the dictatorships are being reduced may indeed increase the danger.

The gamble of a general war may seem to the dictators to offer the only chance of escape from internal catastrophe.

BUT it does mean, I think, that they have missed the tide.

The spread of discontents within, the now declared passion of the peoples for peace, their growing knowledge of the facts all make the gamble more risky.

The peak moment for the dictators was September. It is the common belief in Germany that Hitler wanted war then, and to that extent the Munich settlement is regarded there as a defeat for him.

If the chance of a victory by a sudden and overwhelming bolt from the air ever existed—I do not think it ever did—it existed then.

Now it is out of the question, and the possibility of sustaining a war of endurance has never been in the calculation of Hitler.

It is not only the internal considerations I have referred to that lead me to say that the dictators have missed the tide.

Our defensive preparations have been enormously improved in the past six months, are improving every day, and will continue to improve.

The unity of this country has been consolidated, while the perplexities of Germany have increased.

The menaces of Mussolini have served to pull the position in France together.

The insane pogrom against the Jews has shocked the conscience of the whole civilised world, including the conscience of civilised Germany itself.

And, finally, the breach between Germany and America is now so complete that Hitler, in the event of war, would have to count on the resources of the United States being thrown in the scales against him.

For these reasons, while war cannot be ruled out, it seems to me improbable. And the more we press on with our rearmament the more even a desperate gamble will be too hopeless to be risked.

This does not mean that we should "stand pat" and await events.

It means that while preparing for the worst we should show to both the German people and the Italian people, now in the frame of mind to believe in our good faith, that we are willing to discuss all problems and all grievances, whether on the Continent and in regard to colonies, that call for consideration and settlement.

We should make it clear that we will discuss nothing under threats of force, but are prepared to discuss everything round the table, and on a common undertaking to stop at once the competition in armaments.

"Greatest of These"

Shirley

SHE'S a lovely baby—is Shirley Walters.

Happily, she does not understand how terribly her mother is handicapped.

When Shirley was only four days old, Mrs. Walters cut herself accidentally. Gangrene set in, and she had to have both legs amputated to save her life. She was in hospital nine months.

For a very long time her husband, an ex-Service man (1914-1919), has been unemployed. The family of six are trying hard to exist on £1 8s. a week unemployment pay. Their rent is 7s. 9d. There are three other children besides Shirley, aged fifteen, thirteen and nine. Because Mrs. Walters was insufficiently nourished before their birth, eight other children have died.

This plucky woman has had an appliance made for one leg, but has been unable to keep up the instalments on a bill for £8. Now she is threatened with county court proceedings.

Have you read a sadder story? Every fact is vouched for by the vicar of the parish.

We rely on our readers to do all they possibly can to ease Mrs. Walters' burden. Donations should be earmarked "Shirley" and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

We gratefully acknowledge P.O. 5s. from "Four Aways."

JOHN BULL

John Bull, Junior, is on the march to a better, more prosperous new Britain. Forty organisations—social, religious and political—meet for the Parliament of Youth. Three hundred Oxford undergraduates band together to right their wrongs. All this to-day makes—

Great News for Youth

IN Britain to-day there are six million young men and women between sixteen and thirty.

United, banded together for a common ideal, their white-hot enthusiasm would sweep the country.

They would be invincible. No political party, no vested interest, could stand against them.

Divided they must face the criticisms of youth and inexperience, like stragglers marching without a captain.

So far there has been no unity. But there are signs that it is coming.

Youth is banding together, cutting across the boundaries of political parties.

Next month the first National Parliament of Youth will assemble in London. Forty organisations—social, religious, and political—will send representatives.

Young men, fighting for a brave new world, these spokesmen seek to awaken in their fellows realisation of the responsibilities to come.

A Better Job

They seek to train them to meet those responsibilities, and to make a better job of it than their fathers.

An enthusiastic vanguard of "under-thirties" is on the road, striding the highway of progress towards a Government of THEIR OWN IDEALS.

What are these movements that have worked so long in the dark and are now seeing the light of day? There are scores of them. A City of Youth in London, which is to cost £1,000,000, is planned. It is intended to be the central point of all youth organisations of the Empire.

Three hundred Oxford undergraduates, hoping to right the wrongs of youth, began a few weeks ago to organise a National Service of Youth. Seventy Members of Parliament are giving their support.

An appeal is made to youth in every city, town and village to form their own centres in affiliation with the university group.

"Time has come," says a circular of this new movement, "to abandon political, religious and other prejudices.

"We have inherited a world which is broken and simmering with discontent. Yet we are confident that, given the resolve and opportunity of organisation, youth can alter and shape this world into a cleaner, healthier and more just one."

In that fine spirit, intelligent youth is gathering forces, and demanding its charter.

The National Parliament of Youth is the first body to attempt a definition of youth's charter.

House of Commons procedure will be followed in the discussions. Bills will be introduced, embodying reforms which Youth considers vital.

The subject of one Bill is the improvement of the present university system.

Another deals with the forty-hour week, vocational training, and staggered holidays with pay.

A powerful section demands that the Covenant of the League of Nations be incorporated into the British constitution.

And there will be a full-dress debate on National Service and its effects on young people.

That sounds very orthodox, just what one would expect from any amateur debating society. But it is more than that.

From the divisions in this make-believe House of Commons, we shall know—the leaders of the country will know—what all sections of Britain's young men and women think, and what they demand for the future.

JOHN BULL has already sensed the importance of this new-born force.

Our investigators have been at work. They have been analysing the results of a census carried out by the British Youth Peace Assembly, and various religious and political groups.

They Answered

From thousands of young men and women came answers to the most vital problems of their everyday lives. Much of the data concerned their jobs and working conditions.

But they also revealed facts about their homes, hobbies and pastimes that have immense significance if we are to understand fully the aims and ideals of youth.

JOHN BULL simplifies the results of these questionnaires under the following headings:—

HOME LIFE.—Of young women up to the age of twenty-two, 75 per cent. are intolerant of their home, and completely antagonistic to parental control.

They desire freedom of expression and a greater share of "directional activities"—which means that they need homes of their own.

With young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, 69.5 per cent. are content, even pleased, to live with their parents. Young men are more submissive to family life than girls.

RECREATIONS.—Seventy-two per cent. of young men are interested in sport—48 per cent. of girls.

Films attract 86 per cent. of young people. Again, men are keener "fans."

The stage interests only 42 per cent., and reading 23 per cent. Novels, especially those dealing with adventure and crime, are asked for by two out of three.

"Like Father"

POLITICS.—Only one in five young men and women take any interest in politics. The vote at twenty-one is a novelty, not a duty.

Asked how they would vote if a general election comes this year, the majority replied: "Like father."

Yet, where there is enthusiasm, it is for foreign affairs, and it is intense—so intense that domestic problems are driven well into the background.

In local government there is practically no interest. Less than 7 per cent. knew how a town governs itself.

RELIGION.—Three out of four said they were members of a church, but only one of the three could claim to put their religion into practice.

Here we encounted something at once novel and very old. Youth refuses to distinguish between the aims of religion and those of practical politics.

With its traditional impatience, it scorns dogma and ritual. It seeks to make the churches into battering-rams for social reform.

If the churches are merely social centres, running whist drives, bazaars and pleasant little garden parties, then it has no use for them.

Most of all, though, Youth seems to regard religion as a subject for argument.

Seven out of every ten who answered the questionnaires we have examined placed this topic at the head of a section entitled, "What do you argue about most?"

L, Junior

WORK.—Nine out of ten had complaints to make—complaints about low wages, long hours, lack of chances, obstruction by elders.

All insisted on more time for play; although few had definite ideas on the use of leisure.

An insistent protest is that Youth is being exploited under the pretext of hard times. Its wages, until it is on the brink of middle-age, are not enough for marriage—and yet it has to suffer the accusation that it is "too selfish" to marry.

NATIONAL SERVICE.—A quarter of Britain's youth is indifferent to National Service. They take it as a matter of course—for their elders, but not for themselves. They feel there is no real need for National Service, that it is just talk. And the boys are little better than their sisters.

That is a general summary of Youth's reaction to the problems of to-day. Ideals are there for the framework of the new Britain which they want to build for to-morrow.

But those ideals are unclarified. They need guidance, discipline.

Only in its criticism of existing conditions is Youth at one. The flood of complaints against the exploitation of the young in industry and commerce is overwhelming.

"I work sixty-five hours a week, and overtime (unpaid) to all hours of the night," a London butcher's boy tells the British Youth Peace Assembly.

"My age is fifteen, and I work fifty-seven hours a week," says a girl assistant to a provincial hairdresser. "I get ten shillings a week, and any tips I may be given are taken from me by the older assistants. I pay 8s. a week to my mother and keep 2s. for my fares. I do not get a penny for myself."

Appalling Work

A young plumber declares: "I work forty-eight hours a week for 12s. 6d. I hand over most of it to keep the home going. What chance have I of getting on?"

From a Dundee girl who works in a jute factory comes this revelation: "I am on night shift. There are two thousand girls like me here. Because of the atmosphere in which we have to do the spinning, the air must be drawn through heaters and special vapour machines. Girls are constantly going off ill.

"I am under the doctor now, and he tells me that I cannot continue at the factory; but there is no other work for me."

Throughout the jute industry in Scotland conditions are appalling. Workers cannot make the trade board scale of wages without straining almost to breaking point.

In fashionable dress firms in London, Manchester, Birmingham, and other provincial centres, the tale is the same.

Girls have to work the whole day in damp basements under artificial light. Here is what one reports:

"When I first started I got 6s. a week, but I was told that I should learn a trade.

"Did I? No. I was a kind of messenger, and had to wait on twenty-five other girls. It meant constantly running up and down stairs with tea and sandwiches.

"This was at a Court dressmaker's. The firm sold its gowns at eighty guineas, and the best paid worker got £3 a week."

In Blind Alleys

Those letters are just examples—ordinary examples—among the 24,000 replies sent to the British Youth Peace Assembly's questionnaire.

Another big scandal is the poor chance of a young man or woman obtaining any real vocational training to escape from blind-alley jobs.

Routine tasks are the lot of the apprentice. Craftsmanship can be gained only by hours of study in his small leisure.

A report from Sheffield states: "Few apprentices here ever get the practical training which is necessary to make them skilled men.

"At one factory where two hundred apprentices are employed, only a selected thirty are given technical training in the works' time.

"The rest are kept on repetition work. It is impossible for them to learn their trade. The same conditions apply in most South Yorkshire factories."

Mr. R. Coppock, of the Federation of Building Trades Workers, has declared of his own industry:

"Give the lads two years' training and they will be able to go into industry. Boys are becoming simply fetchers and carriers. That is demoralising."

Yes, opportunities for training and recreation are still inadequate, even allowing for the 20 per cent. extension which has taken place during the past two years.

Again to cite Sheffield—only half the young men in the city have any sports facilities.

More than a hundred football clubs with working-class membership have gone out of existence because there are no grounds on which to play.

Unwanted Brains

A few years ago in Sheffield there were six grounds available for field and track events. Now—apart from the grounds owned by clubs attached to wealthy firms—there are no training grounds at all.

Working-class youth do not suffer alone. Undergraduates are also discontented. They ask: "What is the use of our parents sacrificing money on our education when there are no jobs worth our while?"

A graduate, with a good commercial degree, often finds that he must become a clerk at 30s. a week. Others, with more brilliant university careers, have been out of work for years.

Mr. Kenneth Rees, of the Unemployed Graduates' Association of Wales, told the Youth Commission, which met in London a week or so ago, that graduates he knew were making their seventieth or eightieth application for work.

"I have told graduates," said Mr. Rees, "when they get testimonials from their professors to get 100 copies immediately."

Another speaker, Mr. J. Roberts, said that one man who graduated well got a job under the Unemployment Assistance Board at £2 10s. a week.

He had to go round asking people how much they spent on bedclothes, and so on.

A man with an honours degree made 250 applications for work in six years. Another got a job as attendant at a mental home for six months to qualify for unemployment benefit.

Evidence was given to the Commission that Youth is being intimidated by employers.

Mr. Frank Byers, of the National League of Young Liberals, said, "feudal, political and social intimidation exists to a tremendous degree."

"Some people will say to their workers," he went on, "'If a particular Party is elected at the next election there will be no more work.'

"Many workers lose their jobs if they go to meetings which are not Conservative."

Yet when he had heard these bitter complaints, the Commission chairman, Mr. Comyns Carr, K.C., had to tell his hearers:

"We have found reluctance on the part of employers generally to take part in our enquiry.

Intimidated

No wonder Youth is storming against society, demanding that its voice should be heard, its rights recognised.

JOHN BULL agrees with Youth. We believe in Youth's aims; we value Youth's energy.

But ideals and energy, if they are to be worth anything at all, must have a direction and leadership which has as its basis intelligence and experience.

There must be unity, too.

JOHN BULL sees the great surge of Youth as a vital factor in the moulding of the Empire's future. Its criticisms, considered in the mass, strike at the heart of many evils which this paper has fought for years.

But few battles are won with the first sallies. Victory needs courage and doggedness. It needs, above all, the sacrifice of personality to principle; the submersion of individual causes to the cause of the nation.

If the youth of Britain is fearless; if it bands together, ignoring all political loyalties, this land of ours can face the future with confidence. John Bull, Junior, is the man of to-morrow.

Side by side, "John Bull," Junior, and his sister step out fearlessly on the path that leads . . . whither?

"ODDS ON"

Sam was a bit soft in the head in everything except goalkeeping

Short Story by Van Harrison

"FOOTBALL," grumbled Mr. Jim Jagger, "used to be a nice, steady, profitable, little sideline. Even better than 'osses at week-ends.

"But since these 'ere Pools started, they've took all the bread out of the mouths of honest 'ard-working bookies, like me, until now I might as well pack up and call meself Walker."

"Foxy" Green grunted sympathetically. Foxy was Mr. Jagger's chief runner around the public-houses and street corners of Northport, and, since in his illegal running he ran most of the illegal risks, Foxy knew quite as much about the decline of the local bookmaking business as Mr. Jagger himself.

"What we want," he said, "is a set-up that all the mugs will bet against; a sort of stone-ginger certainty that can't come unstuck for us; a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose sure snip that'll bring the brass in and. . . ."

"ANOTHER thing I'd like,' interrupted his employer, heavily sarcastic, "is 'alf an hour in the Bank of England, with a ten-ton lorry at the door. You an' your stone gingers. How can you get folk to bet against certainties, fat 'ead?"

Foxy smiled crookedly, while his sly little eyes swivelled around the bare office to make certain there was no one within hearing distance.

Then, after a final glance over his shoulder at the closed door, he whispered hoarsely:

"S'pose you could take, say, even money against Northport Town beating Middlepool United on the Town's ground? That 'ud bring the money in, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Jagger eyed his lieutenant as though doubtful of his sanity or sobriety or both.

"And suppose," he replied, "I offer ten to one against the blooming sun rising to-morrow morning? That 'ud bring the money in, too, wouldn't it? But what about the paying out—*heh*? Are you trying to put me in the bankruptcy court, Foxy, or are you just plain daft."

Foxy's smile increased in breadth and slyness.

"If I put you on to summat real good, Mr. Jagger, will you give me a rake-off?

The bookmaker's eyes narrowed. Evidently, Foxy was wise to something, but—by gosh!—to affect the result of the forthcoming Northport *versus* Middlepool match, that something had to be next door to a major miracle.

Northport Town, top of the Counties League, was playing Middlepool United, third from the bottom, the Saturday after next. Northport, at home, on form, and all out for promotion, would just naturally massacre poor struggling Middlepool and win by two or three clear goals. No one could possibly bet against a certainty like that; not even the most blindly loyal supporter would back foot-of-the-table Middlepool at any price.

"Away with yer kidding," said Mr Jagger. "It's odds on Northport!"

"If nothing happens," hinted Foxy.

"What can happen?"

"Gi' me a cut and I'll tell you."

"I'll see you all right, Foxy. You know *me*!"

Foxy did. So well, that he persisted:

"Five quid down, and a 10 per cent. slice o' the winnings when no-chance Middlepool beat the leaders."

"YOU'RE barmy!" opined Mr. Jagger, but, at the same time, fumbled for his wallet.

For if Foxy knew *him*, *he* knew Foxy; at least well enough to be sure that, even if Foxy was barmy, there would be something profitable in his barminess.

Moreover, if there could be a possibility of Middlepool beating Northport, the information was worth much more than a fiver. And if, as Foxy hinted, it was a certainty—Mr. Jagger gasped—why, he'd clean up a bundle.

Everyone would be falling over themselves to back the all-conquering Town at home; the money would roll in at any price he cared to make, and—well, Mr. Jagger's imagination boggled at such a bookie's dream of paradise.

"Here you are," he said, handing over five dirty one-pound notes, "and if your news ain't worth it, I'll have 'em back."

Foxy winked.

"Listen," he invited, dropping his voice impressively, "and if it ain't worth it, I'll give you another five back along with 'em. You've heard of Sam Jones, o' course—'Soapy Sam,' goalkeeper for Northport."

Mr. Jagger nodded impatiently. Everyone in Northport knew of the Town's most famous footballer, for Sam Jones was also notorious for being a bit soft in the head. Soft, that is, in everything except goalkeeping.

Between the posts, Sam was a marvel of speed and judgment; in everyday life he was a marvel of slow-thinking and stolid simplicity.

This peculiar contradiction was vaguely attributed to a kick on the head in early youth, but no one was sure and no one cared.

The important fact remained that Soapy Sam Jones was the best 'keeper in the League, and the Town wouldn't have minded if he'd been a raving idiot between matches.

"Go on!" requested Mr. Jagger.

"Well," said Foxy, "Sam wants to get married and has asked Bert Smallwood, the team manager, for an advance of cash.

"When he heard what for, Bert refused it because, he says, Sam's daft enough already without getting married, and he don't think it'll be good for him or the club or anything else.

"So Sam's fair foaming, 'cause he can't get spliced without dough, and has none saved, and swears to get his own back on Bert and the club and the whole board of directors. See?"

"Yes, but how many know of this, and how do *you* know?"

"There's not half a dozen know, 'cause Soapy's a half-witted oyster at any time, and the Town officials ain't likely to talk.

"But Sam told his girl, o' course, and his girl happens to be a pal of my wife's young sister. It's a family affair, and . . ."

"I'm a fairy godmother," finished Mr. Jagger.

But, despite the sneer, his cunning little eyes were very bright as he reached for his hat. At the door, he paused long enough to ask:

"How much did Soapy ask them skinflints for?"

"Fifty quid."

"And how much do you reckon we could take in, say, evens, that Middlepool beats Northport?"

SLYLY, Foxy rubbed his hands together.

"Any amount. Thousands! Middlepool's got no chance—up to now—and people will be breaking their necks to put their shirts on the Town when they know we're laying. And if you cared to give odds—having made it a certainty—we could clean up enough brass to retire on."

"No," decided Mr. Jagger, "giving odds would look suspicious, and Honest Jim Jagger never does nothing suspicious."

"Where you going now?" Foxy grinned.

"To see a man about a dog," replied Honest Jim, and slammed the door behind him.

However, the "man" was Sam Jones, the "dog" was Northport Town Football Club, and Mr. Jagger wasted no time seeing about it.

(Continued on page 24)

Which Orange is Sweet?

You can tell by the Bite Test

You cannot judge the sweetness of an orange by looking at it. You have to bite it. And strange as it may sound, the same applies to tooth-pastes. Only by putting your tooth-paste to the Bite Test can you be certain that it's *safe*.

Grind a little of your present paste between your front teeth. If there is the least trace of grittiness, *beware!* Gritty tooth-pastes help to wear away the 1/1000th of an inch of enamel which is all that protects your teeth from decay at the gum-line. Don't take this risk. Change to the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy—Odol. Dentists recommend this delicious paste because it is such a safe way to pearly teeth and that lovely Odol Smile. Get a tube of Odol to-day, or send coupon below for free sample.

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I don't know what you young chaps are coming to! Some of your modern ways are bad enough — but artificial flavouring in tobacco! Why, my father would have turned me out of house and home if he'd caught me putting stuff like that into my pipe. Not that I wanted to, mind you—I've always been much too fond of my Four Square for that. Four Square—now that's a *real* tobacco! There's no artificial flavouring or tommyrot like that in Four Square; it's much too good to need it. Ah, my boy, things are not what they were in my young days. But thank goodness the Four Square people haven't forgotten how to make good old-fashioned tobacco in the good old-fashioned way!

FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS — No Artificial Flavouring

Mixture (Green Squares).....10½d. oz.	Mixture—Original (Blue Squares).....1/2½d. oz.
Curlies (Purple Squares).....10½d. oz.	Mixture—Medium-Light (Blue Squares).....1/2½d. oz.
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares).....11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red Squares).....1/3d. oz.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares)...11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Ready Rubbed (Red Squares) 1/3d. oz.

All blends are Medium Strength and are sold in tins only.

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Standard Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/- Large Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.

Guaranteed to be made from 100% genuine Virginia Leaf.

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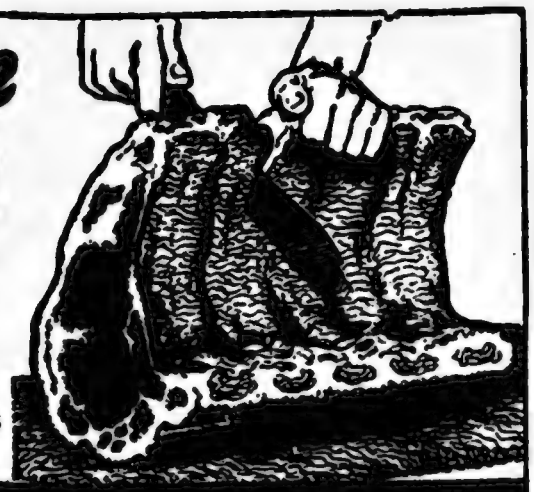

2d. SQUARE MAKES 5 PLATES
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Made in 15 minutes

Foster Clark's Soups

SOMETHING NEW EVERY YEAR FROM THE POLYTECHNIC

Now I've discovered a NEW *way of bringing down holiday expenses*

The POLYTECHNIC
MASTER TICKET
does away with the 'How much do I have to spend when I get there?' element of holidays abroad

says **Commander R. G. STUDD,** D.S.O., R.N.

HALF the fun of going abroad is to see and do all there is to be seen and done when you get there. Yes, but doesn't it bump up the total cost! That's the one difficulty I've always been up against in the past, no matter what we've done to reduce the cost of holidays abroad.

And now, at last, I've managed to combine all this "extra" part of the holiday—all the lovely motor coach excursions, lake steamer trips, mountain railway ascents, special entertainment and sports facilities, into one grand and glorious season ticket—my new Master Ticket, available to all Polytechnic holiday-makers at extraordinarily low inclusive prices.

Take the Lucerne Master Ticket, for instance. It costs £2 19*s.* 6*d.*—actually less than two of the longer motor coach excursions would have cost last year, yet it gives you the freedom of the entire district—a choice, every day, of any of the scheduled excursions by coach or lake steamer as well as a mountain ascent, regular bus service to Lucerne town and many other privileges and price reductions. Never, on any excursion, does the trouble of arranging details fall upon you. Our friendly escorts deal with all officials and explain all the interesting things on the way.

Master Tickets put an entirely new complexion on holiday planning. Now you can budget in advance for your enjoyment and sightseeing. At the time of booking, you can buy your Master Ticket, too, and then all your holiday expenses (with the sole exception of items which are quite private and personal) are paid for out of hand. You know, almost to a penny, what your holiday will cost.

But Master Tickets are not the end of my news. What do you think of this? At Interlaken we are to open entirely new Polytechnic Chalets in a most delightful hotel building which has been adapted to meet our own ideals of comfort and friendly hospitality. From May 13th onward, a continuous houseparty will be held there, on just the same lines as those which have already become famous at Lucerne and Grindelwald. Then there are new resident centres at St. Moritz, Cannes, Chamonix, Biarritz and Dieppe—and we have planned many glorious new coach tours, including one of the Pyrenees, and heaps of other splendid surprises.

All of this is set down in full in a Programme which you will delight to read. This year we have revised it from cover to cover. Every holiday centre is described and nearly all of them charmingly illustrated in colour. Send the coupon today and get a copy from our special first edition. Just fill it in now, while it is before you, and put it into the post.

★★★★★★★

What you get in your 1939 Polytechnic Holiday

★ **You travel by special train**

★ **You stay at comfortable hotels—or better still at the Polytechnic Chalets**

★ **You have friendly hosts wherever you go**

Excursions, sightseeing trips, sports and amusements. Not bought separately so that each day brings extra expense, but all included in the one Master Ticket you can buy before your holiday starts.

LOOK AT THESE SPECIMEN PRICES

Centre	No. of Days	Price from	Master Ticket cost
Lucerne	9	£6. 9.6	£2.19.6
Weggis	9	£6.19.6	£2.19.6
Vitznau	9	£7. 8.6	£2.19.6
Interlaken	9	£7.12.6	£2. 5.0
Wilderswil	9	£7. 7.6	£2. 5.0
Lugano	9	£7.19.6	£2.10.6
Locarno	9	£7.19.6	15.6
Tremezzo	9	£8.19.6	£2.10.6
Nice	9	£7.15.6	£1. 6.6
Belgian Coast	9	£6. 5.0	£1.19.6

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PLEASE SEND ME A FREE COPY OF YOUR 1939 PROGRAMME OF (1) Easter Holidays Abroad (2) Summer Holidays Abroad (3) Holidays at Home (4) Cruises (*Cross out Programmes NOT required.*)

NAME .....
P.1 (c) M (Please write clearly, using CAPITAL LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....

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Post in an unsealed envelope, with ½d. stamp only, to THE POLYTECHNIC TOURING ASSOCIATION LIMITED, 311 (3B) Regent Street, London, W.1. 'Phone: Mayfair 6100 (15 lines).

WHY DO SOME CHILDREN KEEP CATCHING COLDS?

Nearly every child is getting a cod liver oil tonic this winter. Why does it protect some children from colds and not others?

MOST children are getting extra care from their mothers this winter to protect them against colds and coughs. Many of them are being given a cod liver oil tonic on the advice of the Ministry of Health.

This special care makes some children safe, but others keep going down with colds. Why?

WHAT IS WRONG!

The mystery has been solved by an eminent Medical Research Body. They have found that thousands of children cannot take ordinary cod liver oil—their digestions are not strong enough. What these children need is cod liver oil *in its most quickly digestible form*—Scotts Brand Emulsion.

"*When cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion,*" writes this Research Body, "*children can wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building goodness they need.*"

So give your children a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion *three times every day*. Remember, small quantities taken regularly are enough to protect them. But Scotts Brand Emulsion is so easily digested that when your child has a cold the necessary larger amounts can always be taken, and the full benefit received immediately. Trial size 1/3, larger sizes 3/- and 5/-

NOTICE—Children who have colds now

Have your children got colds now? You can help them to get well in half the time they usually take. Start them *today* on the kind of cod liver oil that goes straight to strengthen their chest and lungs—Scotts Brand Emulsion. Remember, no other form of cod liver oil acts so quickly as this. What is more, Scotts Brand Emulsion will help to keep them safe from coughs and colds for the rest of the winter.

Trust Snowfire Tablet to heal chapped hands overnight

1d. 6d. & 7d.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Dressing up Father!

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving this suit I wear?
Though it's shape may not be what the tailor intended,
For the sleeves are well frayed and the pants have been mended!

And, let me say further—I'm tell-you flat!—
I just won't surrender my old tit-for-tat!
Though for long it has called forth of comments the rudest,
If I went out without it, I'd feel like a nudist!

DOUBTLESS many another "positive disgrace" will share my feelings on this subject.

If so, let them be warned of danger ahead, for they may yet find themselves transformed into incipient Sissies.

"Women," I read, "are going to make men better-dressed." The Men's Wear Council, which spends £1,000,000 a year trying to make men clothes-conscious, is out to influence us through our wives and sweethearts (if any or both).

Mrs. Guy Olliver, a London dress designer, has set the ball rolling in the desired direction by lamenting that, whereas women "are dressing better than they have ever done," they have to go out with men "dressed in the most appalling taste."

The alternatives to this ghastly experience are, I presume: (a) To stay at home; (b) to go out with members of their own sex, which, of course, would involve them in the still more ghastly experience of paying for their own eats, seats and sweets.

Not, mind you, that I can't appreciate the feminine angle.

When a woman goes to the trouble of obtaining a new handbag and parasol to match her new costume, she is naturally annoyed to find the whole effect marred by a second-hand husband who doesn't match anything.

In these circumstances, her best course is to forward the absurd, moth-eaten object, carriage paid, to the Men's Wear Council, with instructions to have him dry-cleaned, decarbonised, debagged, rebagged and rendered reasonably fit for human companionship.

But before taking such action she should note what the Council says about "the important part that clothes play in forming the character"—a matter about which Hopeful Gertie writes from bitter experience:

It's really most upsetting, for since dear Mamma arranged
To have Pa reupholstered, Pa's whole character has changed;
He used to be quite mild and tame, but in his new rig-out
It's positively dreadful how he throws his weight about!
He walks with such a jaunty air, and won't put on his specs.,
And I've even seen him ogling creatures of the other sex!

Ogling at the other sex

Odds On

Continued from previous page

"It's a dirty shame the way they've treated you, Sam," he began. "*You*, that's been the mainstay of the team for years; *you*, that's saved 'em time an' time again; *you*, that's brought the Town to the top o' the League; you, the grandest goalie in England."

"Ar-r!" agreed Sam, who was shy as well as simple.

"You want to get married bad?"

"Ar-r, I do that, Mr. Jagger."

"'Course you do; and you'd like to get a bit of your own back on Bert Smallwood and them miserable, ungrateful directors as well, wouldn't you?"

"I'm going to," declared Sam. "'Ar-r, I'll fix 'em!"

"That's the spirit, boy! Never take nothing lying down. Look here, now: you want fifty quid to marry your sweetie.

"No; never you mind 'ow I know, but just listen to me. I'll give you twenty-five now—here it is in pound notes—and another twenty-five after you've fumbled a few shots in the Northport-Middlepool game a week next Saturday.

"All you've got to do is to have bad luck—see? You try your best to save, as usual, but everything goes wrong for you. P'raps you slip, p'raps the ball bounces wrong, p'raps you can't hold it. Anyway, it's in the net, and . . ."

"BUT . . ."

"Never you mind no buts, sonny. They've treated you rotten, haven't they?"

"Ar-r, but . . ."

"And deserve what's coming to them; just like you deserve the chance to earn the money to get married with—*you*, who's won so many matches for 'em with your marvellous 'keeping."

"Yes, but . . ."

"That's all right, kid; don't thank me. Just you shove these 'ere notes in your pocket and say no more. I know all about it."

"Oh, you know, eh?"

Soapy Sam smiled vacantly and sounded vaguely surprised.

"Of course, I know. It's my business to know, ain't it? What do you think I'm 'ere for if I don't know all about you and them ungrateful 'ounds?"

"Ar-r, well, that's all right," said the goalkeeper.

"Remember there's another twenty-five for you after you've let the ball bounce the wrong way a few times."

Sam's eyes were greedy as he fondled the currency notes.

"You mean, I've to give a few goals away, Mr. Jagger?"

"Accidents, boy, accidents," corrected Honest Jim. "Keep your mouth shut, too."

"Oh, I never was a one to talk much," said Sam. "I haven't even said owt about my row with the directors. They haven't, either, an' that's how I can't understand how *you* know about it, and . . ."

Mr. Jagger winked, tapped his nose wisely, and cut in:

"That's *my* business, kid, and *yours* is just to let the ball beat you once or twice to earn fifty quid an' get spliced."

"I'll do it!" agreed Soapy Sam, and took Mr. Jagger's proffered hand with a heartiness that nearly crushed its plump fingers.

For the next week, Mr. Jagger was supremely happy. At six to four on Northport Town—when, on form, it should have been five to one—bets poured into his grimy office in a torrent of cash so heavy that at last it frightened him. So, on the Tuesday before the game, he said to Foxy:

"I'm leaving town for a few days, and I'm not leaving no address. No; not to you, neither! You see, if I'm away for my 'ealth and out o' touch with the business, none of these mugs will be able to say I faked anything."

"Garn! how can anyone twig, guv'nor? It's only your guilty conscience making you see things."

"KEEP the runners out, Foxy, and book all the six to four you can. If betting slackens, make it evens. But grab every penny against Middlepool winning, for—by gosh!—we'll never have another killing like this, if we live to be a hundred!"

Mr. Jagger went to a quiet hotel, miles away in the country, and was unutterably bored.

But he felt it was safer to be out of Northport when the incredible occurred, and wiser to stay out until the impossible had become a fact accomplished and accepted—the incredible-impossible being, of course, defeat of invincible Northport Town by weak Middlepool United.

Trouble was, you never could tell what a half-wit like Soapy Sam might do.

Though he was selling his side deliberately, and therefore should see the danger of talking, he was daft enough to let something slip out of his silly mouth by accident.

HOWEVER, these were no more than petty, fleeting fears, bred of caution, and it was with a feeling of Napoleonic triumph that Mr. Jagger opened the evening newspaper that momentous Saturday and glanced down the football results.

The glance became a fixed and horrified stare; he gaped unbelievingly; could not credit his excellent eyes; felt he must be dreaming. For the bleak, black print read:

Northport Town, 9; *Middlepool United*, 0.

On the same page was a brief account of the game. It finished:—

". . . This humiliating defeat of Middlepool can only be explained by the weak handling and faulty judgment of the United's new goalkeeper, Sam Jones, which is all the more remarkable because of this player's magnificent record as custodian for the team which scored so freely against him to-day.

"Jones, who recently has not been happy with Northport for purely personal reasons, applied for a transfer some weeks ago, and was signed by Middlepool on Tuesday last.

"Having nine goals scored against him in his first game for his new club is a depressing beginning, and, no doubt, Middlepool hopes that this stalwart goalkeeper will soon recover his old brilliant form."

"The fool!" gasped Mr. Jagger, "the silly, sloppy, soapy fool!"

After a while, he added sadly:

"Me, too! That quietly negotiated transfer must have been what he was so surprised at me knowing about. O Lord; and I told him I knew 'all about it,' too! And I didn't—*and I'm bust!*"

He groaned to think *how* bust, shuddered at thought of his expectant clients; and turned from the football page to the shipping advertisements to look up the liner sailings for Australia.

Don't Miss It!

Have you reserved your copy of "The Home Workshop"? If not, act quickly, as this presentation must shortly be withdrawn. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and post the Reservation Forms at once.

This is the greatest of all "how-to-do it" books. Compiled by practical men for the practical man, this mammoth volume does not waste your time with complicated instructions. It shows you clearly in over 1,000 photographs, drawings, diagrams and plans what you want to know at a glance.

With "The Home Workshop" beside you every task becomes simple.

Don't delay. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and post the Reservation Forms at once.

HINTS, TIPS, *and* Useful Things to KNOW

by Molly Montague

I HOPE that the recent epidemic of colds has not proved too costly to the family exchequer—so here's a little tip that will perhaps help to save a little money towards that expense, and at the same time help to brighten the walls of your rooms.

One of the most popular methods is by distemper or matt paints, which are often preferred to patterned wallpaper. If distemper is used it should be oil-bound, otherwise the colour will rub off.

If walls have been previously distempered they should be washed down, using water and a small brush. Allow to dry thoroughly before distempering. Distemper can be applied over wallpaper unless the pattern is very strong, when it may show through. In this case it is better to strip the walls first.

The distemper or paint, after having been prepared and thinned as directed by the makers, should be liberally applied with a flat distemper brush and finished off in vertical strokes. One coat is sometimes sufficient; but if a second is necessary, allow the first to dry for at least twenty-four hours.

A good way of avoiding brushmarks is by "stippling." This is done with a stippling brush, and the tips of the bristles are dabbed against the wet surface.

Do not attempt to distemper over greasy marks. These should be first cleaned with soap and water.

Science in the Sink

I heard some excellent tips the other day for taking care of glass, silver and cutlery. Here they are. When you wash glasses, do it in warm soapy water and rinse them in some more warm water to which you have added a bit of washing blue. This gives them a wonderful brilliance and shows the glass off in its full beauty. And silver. When silver is tarnished don't rub it with metal polishes: If you do, in course of time the plate—if it is plate—will come off and its loveliness will be gone. No, just get some hot water and add to it a teaspoonful of baking soda and a teaspoonful of salt for every pint. Now stand your silver in it until all the tarnish has disappeared—hey, presto! Then wash the objects in warm soapy water, rinse them and dry with a soft cloth. They will sparkle beautifully.

Waste Not, Want Not.

I wonder how many cartons of cream get spilled because people do not know how to open them? Must be thousands. I, for one, was always foozling this simple operation until I was shown just *how* it should be done.

First of all get a reasonably sharp knife. Then cut vertically downwards from the top of the brim to the lid—about a quarter of an inch—then do the same thing again about a half to three-quarters of an inch away to the side of the first cut. Now press the part between the cut outwards and downwards so that the edge of the lid is exposed to view. Now insert the tip of the knife between the lip and the lid and gently prise it up. You will never spill or splash the cream if you do it this way. How simple!—and how silly it seems not to have thought of it before!

Another Chance.

In my last chat I mentioned a remarkable remedy for rheumatism. I told the romantic story of its discovery and was able to arrange for a free sample to be sent to any of my readers who were interested.

Well, the response my offer met with was so great and enthusiastic that I am sure that there must be many more people who, if they do not suffer from rheumatism themselves have friends who are afflicted. Therefore I am prompted to retell the story for the benefit of those of you who missed it on the previous occasion. I am also delighted to be able to say that I have been able to arrange for a further quantity of free samples for those of my readers who care to avail themselves of this outstandingly successful rheumatic remedy. Now for the story.

My free gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago and similar ills.

Married Happiness Clouded.

A few years ago a young friend of mine married a girl he had known since childhood. They were an ideal couple and it was a real pleasure to see their idyllic happiness. But shortly after the marriage the young wife became troubled with rheumatism.

She tried various treatments, but without any success. Visits to expensive spas followed, and all manner of ways of obtaining relief was tried unstintingly.

The young husband—like most young men at the beginning of their careers—was not rich, and the continued suffering worked havoc with the family income. Yet he never complained, and in fact grew desperate as he watched his dear wife's condition gradually grow worse until it developed into chronic rheumatism itself. Doctors and specialists strove hard, but no alleviation was obtained even from their expert ministrations.

The Reward of Fortitude

But my friend bore her burden with great fortitude and continued to try everything that might bring relief. One day, quite unexpectedly a chance acquaintance recommended a treatment that had the approval of over 6,000 doctors. With hopes rising the young couple applied for a sample, and received by return some tasteless gelatine capsules. After the first dose the heroic little woman was feeling better. She persisted in the treatment. In a fortnight the improvement in her condition caused delighted comment from all visitors. After two months the complaint had disappeared! Thus were patience and sacrifice rewarded.

Your Opportunity.

The treatment which achieved such wonderful success is marketed under the name of "Curicones" and I am told it is obtainable at all chemists. It has earned the written praise of many eminent medical men, including a Harley Street Specialist, who have pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of rheumatic disorders, such as rheumatism itself, arthritis, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis and swollen joints.

I am glad to say that if you yourself suffer from a rheumatic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, you have but to fill in your own or your friend's name and address on my shopping coupon below, then send it to me as directed on the coupon, and by return there will be sent a free trial supply of health restoring "Curicones." This generous gift will be accompanied by an interesting little booklet explaining the cause of rheumatic troubles.

Send the coupon now—and so bring relief to those who need it. Don't seal the envelope and a halfpenny stamp will be enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present.

MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.8.,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send me free of charge the "Curicones" sample and Booklet you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

(Mrs. or Miss) .....

How would you answer these questions?

Can you say for certain how long you will live?

Are you likely to save money for investment as regularly as you would pay an insurance premium?

Is there any investment, other than life insurance, which enables you to save income tax?

What will be your income when you retire?

Can you think of any form of investment which will provide on retirement an income which is absolutely guaranteed?

Answer these questions for yourself and then arrange, by means of the Prudential plan for an income on retirement of, say,

£100
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and at the same time protect your dependants in the event of earlier death.

ANY AGE
ANY TERM
ANY AMOUNT

Fill in and forward this coupon :—

To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

I desire particulars of your *Guaranteed Income Plan* which will secure me £..... ..... a year for life at age.....or provision for my dependants in the event of earlier death.

Exact date of birth.....

NAME.....
Mr., Mrs. or Miss

ADDRESS..... .....

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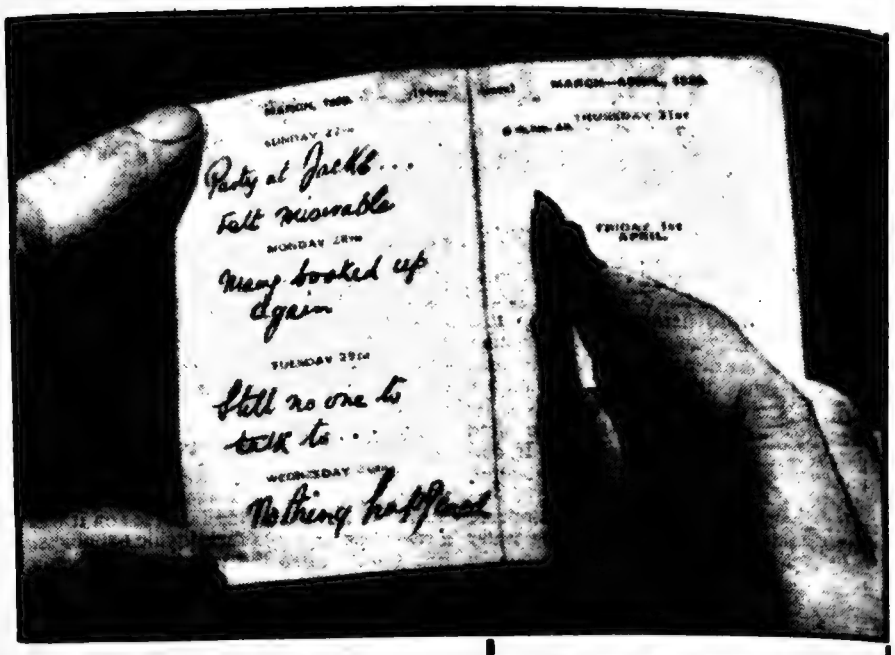

"I even tried writing a secret diary for a whole year . . ." It was a mistake, says Humanist

—Yet Their Only "Crime" is Shyness

"MY trouble is self-consciousness," writes a young man of twenty-three, "and I must tell someone because it is making life unbearable. Only those who are afflicted with this curse know what misery it brings.

"Can you imagine what it is like to be afraid to go out of doors? Afraid because people might stop you in the street and start a conversation?

"To have to refuse every invitation simply because you dare not mix with others? To dread every morning when you have to go to work because you are afraid of the company of your workmates?

"If only I could be 'natural' how happy I would be! I would willingly go through an operation or even *jump off Nelson's Column with an umbrella* if it would effect a cure.

"I have tried auto-suggestion without result. I am just one of thousands. . . ."

There is not much doubt about the young man's earnestness! Self-consciousness is a terrible curse which affects most of us when we are in our 'teens. If it remains in our systems after twenty it becomes a major problem.

It would be easy to laugh at the victim who suggests such a drastic remedy, but it is no laughing matter. This young man has my most genuine sympathy.

But before I offer any suggestions which may be helpful, I would like to quote from another letter sent by a reader of seventeen:

"I feel fed-up with everything. I have very few friends and am afraid I am developing an inferiority complex. Don't think I am sour. Having tried to make friends time after time, I am beginning to give it up as a bad job.

"Taking dancing lessons is my latest endeavour to make friends, but I cannot afford to join a cycling club or anything like that. I shall never be a success in life, for I have no faith in myself.

"I have tried hard to fight this feeling. I have even tried writing a secret diary for a whole year, keeping a record of how I felt; but I decided to get rid of it in case someone found it.

"Now I have told somebody how I feel, I am a little better. I shall be grateful for advice."

A SECRET diary was a mistake. It compelled the young man to think about himself, to concentrate on himself, to put his feelings under a microscope.

The self-conscious man must do all he can to forget himself. If he can transfer all his thoughts to someone else—a sweetheart or a friend—his mind will become less preoccupied with himself and his shortcomings.

A young woman wrote to me some time ago complaining that she could not bear to walk into a restaurant because she felt that all eyes were on her. This made her embarrassed, caused her to blush and look confused, made her walk in a "silly, stiff-legged" way.

But she cured herself by practice. She chose different restaurants and made herself "sail in" with all the poise and confidence in the world. Yet she admits that she felt pretty bad inside.

The ordeal became less alarming with every new attempt, and to-day she has acquired a perfect stage entry! In fact, she would feel rather hurt if people did not look at her.

In the case of a girl it is important to feel well dressed. A lovely frock or a smart hat is a wonderful cure for the so-called inferiority complex.

With a man it is different. He should be well dressed, well groomed, but in no way conspicuous or out-of-the-ordinary.

IT was Oliver Cromwell, I believe, who said, "Do what you are afraid to do." If a man is afraid of speaking to a stranger or entering a crowded room, *let him do it.*

He has a will of his own. Let him dare himself to do it. Let him say to himself: "I bet you dare not walk into that dance hall alone" or "I dare you to ask that lady for a dance."

Perhaps it may not always work, but it does three times out of four. It is worth trying.

If a self-conscious man were rescuing a friend from a burning house or rushing for first-aid, he would forget completely his self-consciousness for the time. That is the clue to the real cure. He has *ceased thinking of himself* and is going "all out" to help another.

The habit of years can be rooted out with patient determination. A man must realise that he is not the centre of the universe: he is only one of a crowd. Once that idea is grasped there is a chance of being decently happy.

HERE is an extract from another letter which came two or three weeks ago:

"I am a young man, twenty-one years of age, enjoying what most people call good health. But I have always been shy and tongue-tied in company, and more so when there are girls present. I make very few friends.

"On the occasions when I have 'spoken up' in strange company I have made a fool of myself through this very fear of hearing myself speak. I often long for the society of a nice, respectable girl, but again the fear of making myself feel a fool crops up.

"Your advice and criticism have proved so valuable to many people that I feel you could help me to start planning my life so that I may be able to make the best of it.

"I class myself as an idealist who has failed to put his ideals into practice. I should thank you for the help which I feel you can give me."

I get dozens of letters on this problem.

About a quarter of them come from girls, the rest from young men. I believe that girls overcome the difficulty more frequently than the men do.

There is one interesting point about that last letter. I have it before me now. Time after time the writer has crossed out words and substituted others. He has not thought out the whole sentence before beginning to express it. I imagine the same sort of thing happens when he speaks in company.

It would pay him, and all others who suffer from this difficulty in talking, if he thought out what he meant to say before starting to say it. That need not make awkward pauses in his speech. All he needs to do is to use shorter sentences—crisp, incisive and pithy.

Another point worth making: if a shy man knows that he is going into strange company he should quickly think out a few things to talk about.

The telling of a funny story is excellent practice. What I am suggesting is that for a time at least he should prepare just as a preacher does for his sermon and a politician for his speech. But when the original shyness begins to disappear one can discuss subjects as they crop up in free and easy conversation.

There is no trick solution to these personal problems. The victim must use all his resources, make full preparations, and practise, practise, practise.

The young man who is afraid to talk to a girl for fear of making a fool of himself must take the risk. One cannot learn to dance, to skate, to swim, to act without the risk of making somebody smile.

HUMANIST SAYS

Seek my advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

BREAK UP THAT COLD tonight!

with the 3-Minute Vick Massage

To get to the roots of a bad cold or cough, do this at bedtime: (1) rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub briskly on throat and chest; (2) rub it also on the back; (3) to lengthen and strengthen its famous double action, spread it thick on the chest and cover with warmed flannel.

Makes you feel better at once

The massage starts Vick working direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, warmed by the body-heat, Vick releases powerful healing vapours that are breathed in 18 times a minute direct to the irritated air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest. Working for hours in these two ways, Vick soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy. Relaxed and comfortable, you soon drop off to restful sleep. By morning, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

COLD people get WARM with NIPITS

VOICE THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

A 20-YEAR VICTIM OF INDIGESTION

Now perfectly well!

That's not an uncommon experience. Thousands of people have suffered from digestive disorders for 20 years or more and then obtained complete relief through Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. There's nothing drastic about Mother Seigels, but relief is felt from the very first dose. Slowly but surely, the digestive organs are toned up—given new life. Food is digested more easily, and even hearty meals don't cause pain. With the digestion right, your nerves will be steadier, you'll sleep better, and feel better. All this thanks to Mother Nature, who provides the medicinal roots, herbs and barks from which Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup is made. Try it. 1/3 and 3/- at chemists everywhere. It will do you a world of good.

VARNENE your floors for a LASTING beauty

You will obtain a far more durable finish to your floors if you use Varnene, the oil varnish stain that does not readily chip or scratch. Also easier and more economical to use.

In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish. From Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocers and General Stores.

Tins 6d., 1/- & 1/6

VARNENE The Finer OIL VARNISH STAIN

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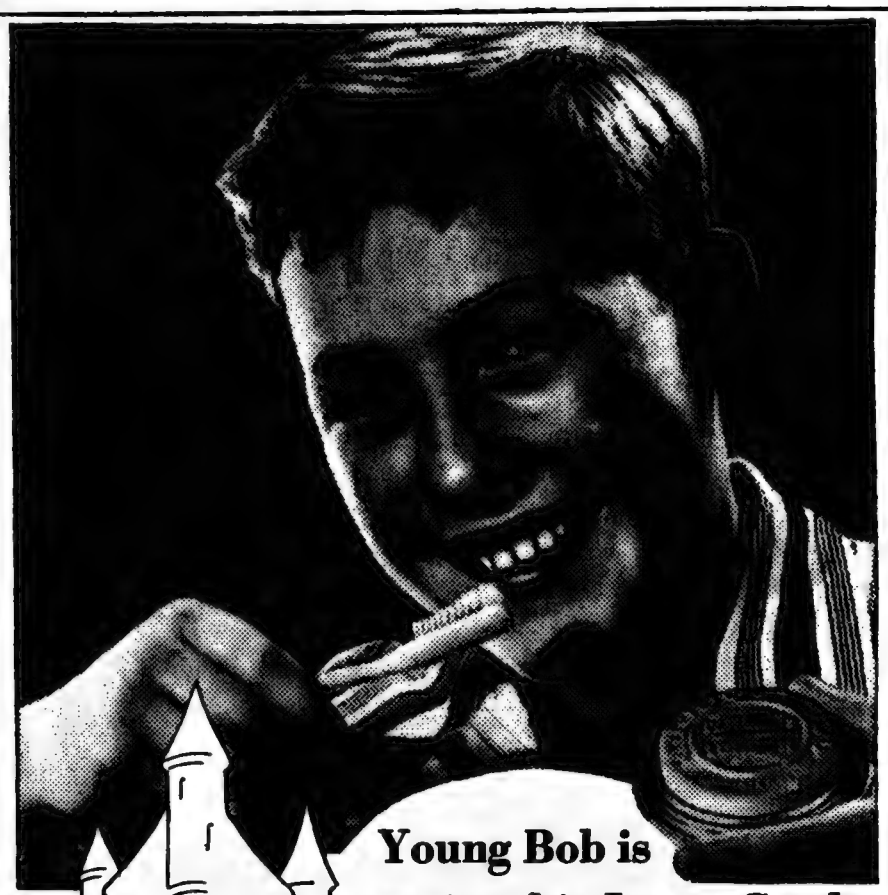
WITH SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS

—thanks to Palmolive!

Long after the 'Quins' are schoolgirls, there'll be five lovely Dionne Schoolgirl complexions. Dr. Dafoe, the Quins' own doctor, prescribed Palmolive, the *olive oil* soap, to protect the skins of these world-famous babies, and keep them lovely for life. Palmolive cleanses them thoroughly but gently—it will do the same for you.



Young Bob is saving his Ivory Castles

—and his mother 1½d

now Gibbs is down in price

Bob approves of the breezy "tang" of Gibbs! Mother is glad Gibbs is reduced in price. She buys a tin for everyone in the family—at a real big saving now! Gibbs has always been the world's most economical dentifrice. It *lasts*—the children can't spill or waste it—and it is usable up to the very last brushful. Why don't *you* invest in the Dentifrice that dentists approve? Its penetrating, antiseptic foam sweeps away anything that could cause decay; it kills germs, neutralises acids; is as effective for the heavy smoker as it is safe for children's teeth. Buy Gibbs at the new price *today*.

Your teeth are *Ivory Castles* *defend them with—*

Gibbs SOLID DENTIFRICE

Now reduced to **6d** U.K. only

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A lovely Beverage piping hot.
SUPER BETOX beats the lot!

Although purely vegetable, SUPER BETOX tastes like FINEST BEEF EXTRACT... Delicious for Sandwiches.
From Grocers & Chemists.... Same Makers as PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST
6D LARGE JAR

An Excellent Hobby by which You can MAKE MONEY in 1939

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5/- per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Cash Price £3:19:6 or 5/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:10:0 Terms 6/3 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Women and Crime—No. 2

"I'll tell... I killed them." Marty broke down, shrieked hysterically

She Liked a Good Funeral

By Louis Mansfield
Criminologist and Author

AS John Seymour lifted the telephone receiver he had not even the slightest idea that he was going to run up against one of the most amazing murder cases of which the world had ever heard.

"Hullo! County Attorney's office here!"

A thin, reedy voice answered:

"I'm Herman Gienke, of Hardscrabble! I want to talk to the County Attorney. It's urgent!

"This is County Attorney Seymour speaking!" the young prosecutor replied. What can I do for you?"

"I want you to come and see me," answered Gienke. "Come over now! There's funny things going on out here! They're killing people. They killed my ma and pa! And my aunt and all her family! And now they're tryin' to kill me!"

"What do you mean?" Seymour demanded. "What are you talking about?"

"It's 'The Sickness!' The doctors reckon it's some kind of disease. But it ain't! I tell you somebody's trying to kill everyone around here!"

Seymour had heard of "The Sickness" before. It was a strange malady which had descended on Hardscrabble in 1923 and had appeared at intervals during two years following.

Members of the community died from it singly and in groups.

One day six people would sit down to a meal. The next they would all be seriously ill—afflicted with the unknown illness.

Some of them might recover. But others, less fortunate, would die!

DOCTORS were unable to diagnose this strange epidemic.

The County Health Department had done everything they could to get to the bottom of the mystery.

They had tested all food supplies. They had tested all the wells for miles around.

Seymour did not ask Gienke many more questions.

Finding that the youth was 'phoning from Hardscrabble's only store, he collected Sheriff Roshun and set out to question Gienke himself.

Hardscrabble is situated in Medina County, Ohio, within a few miles of Cleveland.

Yet it is one of those quiet backwaters of which few have ever even heard.

When Seymour eventually located Gienke he found the youth emaciated and starved.

His drawn mouth and uncertain, shambling gait told of the weeks of agony he had endured while fighting off the ravages of "The Sickness."

"What is it you want to tell me?" the prosecutor asked.

"It's this 'Sickness.' It ain't natural!" Herman protested weakly.

"Why should only two or three people get ill and then no more until the next lot gets it, three or four months later?

"And why should a lot of people all get ill at the same time? That ain't like no epidemic I ever seen."

"Just what is 'The Sickness' like?" Seymour asked.

"Well, it gets people suddenly. One day they're well. And the next day they're dying. Maybe it's only one person. Maybe it's four or five. But not more gets sick until that lot's either dead or they get better again!"

"Are you certain of that?" demanded Seymour.

"Yes, I am! You ask anyone. They'll tell you! And what about my Ma and Pa?

"They were taken ill right after supper one night. But all us kids were all right. Until next day that is! Next morning all us kids got 'The Sickness.' Every one of us got it but the baby.

"It couldn't have been the food. We all had stew and bread and butter. But it couldn't have been that, because I didn't get sick until after breakfast next morning. And by that time Ma and Pa were in hospital!"

"So the rest of you were taken ill after breakfast? What did you have for breakfast?"

"Fried eggs! I cooked 'em."

"And did the baby have any of the stew or the fried eggs?"

"Oh, no! He has milk!"

"WELL, did any of the rest of the family have milk?"

"Yes, in our coffee! But it wasn't the same as the baby's. He has special stuff."

"I see. And what did your mother and father drink with their supper?"

"Coffee! We kids weren't allowed to have coffee with supper. But Ma and Pa did! And so did Aunt Marty and her beau, Wally Johns. I forgot to tell you they were took ill, too!

"But they didn't die like Ma and Pa did. They got better. Only Aunty Marty's got 'The Sickness' again since then. She's in the hospital now!"

"Is that so?" Seymour asked. "Now, about this coffee? Did the rest of you have any for breakfast?"

"Yes, all of us did except the baby!"

"Who made it?"

"Ma did. Leastways, she made it for supper and I made it for breakfast."

"H'm! Well, now about Aunt Marty! What's her full name?"

"Marty Wise! Her Ma was killed by 'The Sickness,' too. And so was her Pa!"

"Do you know when this 'Sickness' first started?"

"Yes. Nigh on two years ago. It started with my Aunt Sophie. Hasel her name was! She died from it. Then Uncle Hasel died. And then the rest of the family!"

"All the people you've told me about so far are relatives of yours. Has anyone died who isn't related to you?"

"Yes, lots. But our family seems to suffer most!"

"Do you know anyone who wants to put you all out of the way?" Seymour asked. "Is there anyone who would profit by it if you all happened to die? Or is there anyone who has a strong grudge against the family itself?"

"NO, I don't think so. None of the family's got such a lot of property. And I don't know anyone who dislikes us that much.

After a few more questions, Seymour beckoned Sheriff Roshun outside.

"I don't know what you think of it, Roshun," he said. "But if half what that kid says is correct, it looks as though there's a mass-poisoner at work in Hardscrabble!"

"Sure looks that way!" the Sheriff replied. "Young Gienke's right! All those families falling ill, one by one, doesn't point to an epidemic!"

"That's how I see it," the prosecutor said. "And this is what I'm going to do about it! I want you to make a thorough check-up on Marty Wise, Wally Johns and Herman Gienke. Find out who they are and what they are.

"Find out just how badly 'The Sickness got each one of them. I'd like to know why it is that the old Gienkes died but they didn't. Then make a list of every family that's been affected.

"Visit the survivors of every one and find out if any one of those three was in the vicinity shortly before.

"While you're doing that, I'm going to visit the Gienke homestead. Herman says no one's been there since they were all taken to hospital, so the chances are that the remains of the supper and breakfast are still there.

"Then I'm going to question all the doctors who visited the sick people!"

As Seymour had hoped, the house had been left untouched since the family had been taken away.

(Continued on page 30)

LATEST BEAUTY NOTE: YOUNG AND OLD NOW BLANCH THEIR TEETH.

Women who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight (men, too!) will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth in a week's time.

Within a few days from the time you begin this simple treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly, and your friends will notice it. Magnesium Hydroxide causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia,' and this can be obtained in a new type of toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this as your regular dentifrice, and your teeth will be very perceptibly whiter.

That, however, is not the main reason dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And the teeth have an amazing, almost artificial whiteness.

Ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube.

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives, they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Children love the delicious fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

Keep Your Kidneys Active!

Vigour and vitality ooze away when kidney action weakens. Badly filtered blood burdens you with backache, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, swollen limbs, renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen your weak Kidney action. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush and invigorate the kidneys and urinary system. At the same time the medicine will destroy bacteria in the urine without harming or irritating the urinary channels. When the kidneys are healthy they will soon filter away the poisonous impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort, pure blood will nourish the nerves, tissues and joints and you will be ready and able to tackle the day's work. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure permanent relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters.

INSIST UPON DOANS 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

THE RULES OF HEALTH *are few and simple*

Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness comes first!

That rule should be written up in every home—for Inner Cleanliness is of the utmost importance to everyone! Only Andrews Liver Salt will give you this all-important Inner Cleanliness.

Immediately you drink your tonic glass of Andrews it cleans the tongue and mouth. Next, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity. Andrews wakes up the liver and checks any tendency to biliousness. And finally—to make your Inner Cleanliness complete—it gently and efficiently clears the bowels.

Andrews is the delicious inner-cleansing drink, the natural constipation corrective. Take it regularly—the same dose is always effective. Observe, then, this foremost rule of health—Andrews for Inner Cleanliness. Get your own tin of Andrews today. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

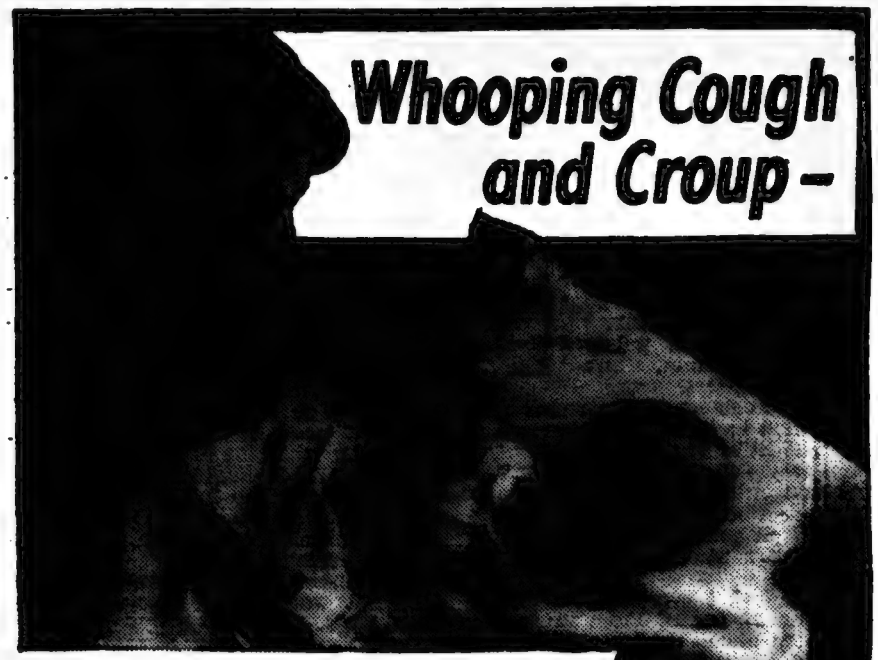
THE IDEAL TONIC LAXATIVE

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

(38c)

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 18.



Whooping Cough and Croup—

Mothers should know of the Instant Relief given by—

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

The distressing sight to parents of their children's suffering emphasises the urgent need for a remedy which will at once give instant relief and at the same time be absolutely free from harmful and dangerous drugs. Potter's Asthma Cure, the remedy with more than half-a-century's reputation, has a wonderfully soothing and calming influence in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup and other chest and lung troubles of children and adults. Cannot injure the health in any way. **The burning of Potter's Asthma Cure in the bedroom of all children suffering from the diseases just mentioned is strongly recommended.** It acts like a charm and prevents those paroxysms of coughing, enabling the patient to obtain restful sleep, which is so necessary. Thus the strength is kept up, exhaustion avoided and a complete restoration to health hastened. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9.

POST THIS COUPON

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

"John Bull"

All outdoor workers who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

IF YOU are a sufferer or have similar symptoms to these—

CHRONIC INDIGESTION AND HEARTBURN

SUFFERED FOR YEARS WITH INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN AND GASTRIC TROUBLES

"I suffered for years from Heartburn and Indigestion until I took Moorlands and then got a speedy relief. I want you to know how grateful I am." *Mrs. L. A. H., Margate.*

GASTRIC CATARRH

LOST HIS JOB, REFUSED FOOD AND SUFFERED TOO WITH HEARTBURN

"I tried all known remedies without success. Then tried 'Moorlands' and can now eat, drink, and smoke as much as I wish without terrible pains." *F. M., East Mersley.*

FLATULENCE—ACIDITY

TERRIBLE PAINS IN STOMACH AND PALPITATION.

"I have suffered terribly from indigestion and acid stomach, with pains round the heart. Six tablets gave me relief and taking a few more all pain vanished." *H. T., Grimsby.*

TAKE **MOORLANDS** AND KEEP FIT!

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva, with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry, and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs

STOMACH PAINS

COULD NOT REMEMBER BEING FREE FROM PAIN.

"For as long as I remember I have suffered from my stomach. I had to get advice, but my chemist recommended 'Moorlands' and I gained wonderful relief. All stomach sufferers should take Moorlands and get the same welcome relief." *F. S., Brighton.*

Take two MOORLAND Tablets any time and eat what you like and enjoy it.

Instant relief from

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds.*

Sells

SNEEZE!

SHIVER! ACHE!

STOP that COLD For 2D

Another Cold coming? Don't let it get a hold—stop it NOW—for 2d.! *BEECHAMS POWDERS* end the sneezing, shivering, headachy feeling! They are pleasant to take! They are quicker-acting! They are more certain in results—but they cost only 2d. each! You CAN'T afford to suffer, but you CAN afford to get *BEECHAMS POWDERS*! They also stop 'Flu, Chills, Pain, Rheumatism!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Make Certain of Your Future

Guaranteed Income for You or Your Dependents

Fill in Coupon on p. 25 for details!

THE Guaranteed Income Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co. are specially designed to meet the needs of married men. Not only does this offer a protection for his wife or dependent, but the man himself receives an income after a certain age. Thus, while protecting your wife or dependents in the event of your early death, you are making a provision for an income or capital sum on retirement. Get full particulars of how to provide for your future comfort and independence, which can be obtained free and without obligation, by filling in the coupon in the Prudential announcement on page 25.

CHEAPER HOLIDAYS!

FREE BOOKLETS

that will solve Your Holiday Problem

SPEND your Holidays the Polytechnic way. Fill in the coupon in the POLYTECHNIC Touring Association's announcement on page 23 for free copies of their 1939 programmes, offering suggestions for attractive holidays at cheap prices. You have a choice of any or all of these free booklets which are filled with ideas—suggestions for holidays abroad, at home, or cruises. You simply should have this information. No holiday will be complete without it. Turn to page 23 now and fill in the coupon.

Women and Crime

Continued from previous page

Both the stew and the breakfast food had been cleared out before the victims felt the effects of the queer malady. But Seymour took possession of the coffee-pot, the coffee, the sugar and a bottle of milk.

He sent these to a public analyst at Medina, the county headquarters.

Visiting the doctors, he discovered that none of them had had cause to suspect any irregularities in the deaths.

The illnesses showed the symptoms of gastric and enteric disorders, so death had been ascribed to these causes.

Roshun had quite a fund of information to impart when he met Seymour again.

"I found that every time someone was taken ill, one of those three was somewhere about the neighbourhood.

"Incidentally, Herman Glenke was so ill that his life was despaired of for a long time.

"But the other two only got a slight touch of 'The Sickness.'

"Strangely enough they were the only two cases in the entire district in which anyone had merely a mild bout. In every other case, people became seriously ill straight away. Most of them died within four or five days!"

SEYMOUR did not get the analyst's report until three days later.

When it did arrive it stated that traces of arsenic had been found in the coffee-pot! But there was none in the coffee itself. Nor in the sugar. Nor in the remains of the milk.

"That means only one thing, Roshun," Seymour remarked to the Sheriff.

"The arsenic must have been in the water with which the coffee was made! I'm going to check up on that water.

"You can eliminate Herman Glenke from your list of possible suspects, by the way! If he *did* have a hand in it, that would point to a murder plot between himself and his mother.

"But in that case I think you could rely on his mother seeing to it that every member of the family became ill at the same time.

"And, most certainly, she would not have overlooked the baby!

"While I'm seeing to the water, I want you to arrange to have Mrs. Glenke's body exhumed. Order an autopsy and tell the physician to keep a sharp look-out for arsenic!"

Being isolated, the Glenke family had drawn its water supply from three large, open butts.

In one of these Seymour found enough arsenic to kill a hundred people.

And the physician managed to isolate twelve grains of the poison—six times the lethal dose—from the dead woman's body!

In view of this direct evidence, Seymour instituted a search of the poison registers of every chemist within reasonable distance of Hardscrabble.

He traced the movements of each purchaser to see whether that person had been in the vicinity of the Glenke home within the forty-eight hours preceding "The Sickness."

This was a long, hard search, one requiring many weeks of intensive work, but at last he ran across an entry in the poison register of the Main Street Pharmacy in Marysville.

Somebody, signing "L. Feiss," had bought a large quantity of arsenic the day before the Glenkes were poisoned!

According to the chemist, his customer was a woman. But what attracted Seymour's attention so much was the fact that she had signed the register in a back-hand, awkward manner which was obviously a disguise.

He was not surprised that no one in Hardscrabble, nor within forty miles of it, had ever heard of "L. Feiss"!

HIS next step was to match the entry with the genuine writing of the person he now suspected—Marty Wise! There was a marked likeness.

However, Sheriff Roshun was not very elated over the discovery.

"You're going to have a mighty hard job proving your case in court, Mr. Seymour," he remarked. "All you've got is one fake signature and one genuine one. Why, we can't even prove a motive!"

"I realise that! So I've worked out a little plan of campaign. I'm going to trap her into a confession.

"By the looks of it, we're going to have a first-class thunderstorm to-night.

"As you know, most of those Hardscrabble people are superstitious. So I'm going to bring Herman Glenke, Wally Johns and Marty Wise down to your place before the storm starts."

Then he outlined his plan to the Sheriff

ROSHUN chuckled through the description. He chuckled when he went home to fix the stage. And he chuckled still more when the three people arrived shortly before nine.

Seymour warned both Glenke and Johns that they were to talk as little as possible.

If Marty Wise said anything to them, they were to answer in monosyllables.

Seymour and Roshun left the three in a large room which was lit by only one small globe.

Then they went outside to wait the coming thunderstorm.

Marty became nervous and ill at ease. She twisted and fidgeted. She clasped and unclasped her hands. She twined her handkerchief through her fingers.

Whenever she tried to break the monotony, both Glenke and Johns remained silent.

After an hour and a half of this, the storm broke.

At the first loud crash of thunder, Roshun switched off the lights, leaving the trio in darkness.

Then, while the thunder rolled and the rain pounded on the iron roof, an eerie voice echoed down the chimney:

"The murderer must tell! The murderer must tell! You killed them! Tell—tell—tell!

Sometimes the voice faded to a mere whisper, then it started again with a nerve-shattering shriek.

Marty managed to stand this for about twenty minutes.

Then she broke down completely.

She raced hysterically to the door. She pounded madly on the panels. She shrieked and shrieked again.

"Let me out of here! Let me out! I'll tell! I'll tell! I killed them!"

It took Seymour less than half an hour to get a signed confession after that.

MARTY told everything. She admitted that it was her arsenic which had caused "The Sickness." She told where she had bought it, where it was hidden, and how she had used it.

But it was the motive that amazed Seymour and criminologists the world over.

"You ain't never lived in Hardscrabble!" Marty said. "You got theatres, pictures, electric light, dances and music. But we ain't got them in Hardscrabble!

"Nobody never goes anywhere in Hardscrabble! People only dresses up and gets together whenever there's a christenin', or a weddin', maybe. Or a funeral!

"That's why I killed 'em! *I likes to go to funerals!*"

The Human Machine

Take a Chance!

ONE of the most precious faculties given to man is the power of judgment.

He is the only animal with the power to form opinions, the only living creature with the ability to act on those opinions rationally and decisively.

It is all part, of course, of the ability to think and to reason, to observe and draw inferences from what we observe, to balance probabilities and to forecast possibilities.

Only the human animal can use his brain as a detached piece of machinery. Only the human animal can subordinate instinct to conscious and deliberate action—action that is quite often opposed to instinct.

But whether or not we use this ability is in our hands. We can choose. We can use it, or allow it to rust into disuse.

* * *

And so many people are afraid to use this ability because their judgments and their opinions may be wrong. Quite often they will be, but what of it?

There is no such thing in this world as absolute certainty. All we can do is to make certain to the best of our ability, to find and pursue what we honestly and conscientiously believe to be the truth, and to make very certain that, if we are mistaken, we don't make the same mistake twice.

The wisest man may make a mistake—but he doesn't repeat it unless he is a complete fool!

All any of us can hope to do is to think and act with the best of our abilities.

We may be wrong—but we may also be right. Only time can tell which.

* * *

Remember that, however many mistakes you make, you can always rectify them by discussion and experience.

And as long as you can bear sober criticism you won't go far astray.

Want a Fortune?

ADVERTISERS have caught the imagination of millions with catchy slogans, made them critical and appreciative.

So JOHN BULL readers will want to enter the *Daily Herald's* great £2,500 Advertising Slogans Competition. A huge £2,000 first prize and a second award of £500 MUST BE WON.

And all you are asked to do is to choose, from a list of 28 slogans, the 12 which are most suitable for the particular products advertised.

Entry forms appear every day in the *Daily Herald*—all one in to-day and that £2,000 first prize may be yours!

RHEUMATISM

Rinse out your Uric Acid

Local applications of balms or other medicaments sometimes ease the pain and swellings of Rheumatism, but who can expect them to deal with the acid crystals set deep in joint or tissue? Or to loose stiffened limbs? Or to clear Rheumatic toxins from the blood?

Only a scientific internal treatment acting through the bloodstream can give full and lasting relief. Fynnon Salt is such a treatment.

Fynnon contains the anti-Rheumatic minerals which have made famous Spas celebrated for their "cures." Its Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—"Nature's Salts of the Earth"—reach and dissolve the acid crystals, which are then flushed from the system, along with toxins and poisons, through liver and kidneys restored to full activity.

Only when your system is thus refreshed and the bodily organs invigorated can pain go for good, can swellings subside and limbs grow supple again.

Begin taking a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water *now* and you will begin to get rid of Rheumatism in earnest. Fynnon is tasteless in cold or warm water—no need to make tea specially. Large tins 1/3.

"Cured Me of PILES"

Sufferers from Piles! —read this letter.

"Dear Sirs—I have had two 1/3 boxes of GERMOLOIDS and they have given me great relief, and I must say your treatment has cured me.

(Sgd.) E. R., Buckland."

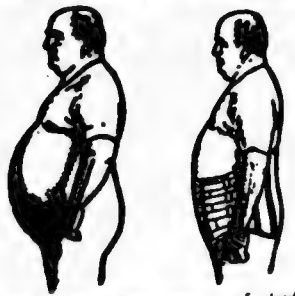
Germoloids (Brand) are the wonderful new internal treatment which are saving thousands from the discomfort and agony of Piles. Simple, clean and inexpensive, GERMOLOIDS end smarting and itching, reduce swelling, heal the tissues and protect sensitive nerves.

Germoloids

From Chemists, 1/3 per box of 12

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 88, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 79, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
EDINBURGH: 20a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 23689
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24891
MANCHESTER: 28a, King St., & 23, South King St., 2. BLAckfriars 9075 Leeds 26586
LEEDS: 3, Bond St., 1.

No. 1

OUT

March 1

★

The World's most amazing value for

2D.

ILLUSTRATED

The New All-Photogravure Family Weekly

64 PAGES — EVERY WEDNESDAY

A KEY to HAPPINESS AND PROFIT

and a Treasure House of 1000 Bargains!

JUST ask to see this gorgeous new Littlewood Catalogue! Turn its 250 pages, and see the Unbeatable Bargains, superbly illustrated on every page. Bargains for Housewives and Girls; astounding values in household goods, clothing, kiddies' articles. Something for everyone you know!

And look further! Can't you see in it the key to **NEW FRIENDSHIPS, NEW INTERESTS AND HAPPINESS?** That's what this Wonder Catalogue has brought to thousands of married women, girls and men who are now Organisers of Littlewood 1/- Clubs.

They get a **SURE, REGULAR SPARE-TIME INCOME**—and the Littlewood Catalogue makes it easy money! You have only to show the Catalogue to friends; they can't resist joining your Club! They introduce you to more friends—and so your circle grows in a pleasant, dignified way.

Do you think you can form a Club of 10 to 20 Members? If so, we are ready to send you the Littlewood Wonder Catalogue and Complete Club Outfit, value 5/-, **FREE.** Use the Coupon.

INVITATION COUPON

I should like to try my hand at running a Littlewood Club. Please send me, FREE, your 250-page Catalogue and Complete Club Outfit. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name (in full) .....
[JB/19/MR] (State Mr., Mrs. or Miss and write in BLOCK LETTERS.)

Address .....

Town..... *County*.....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

(Littlewoods Mail Order Stores Ltd., Directors: John Moores, Cecil Moores.)

Why Suffer from PILES?

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant bleeding? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk

Brand OINTMENT

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing, it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use it regularly.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

For INWARD PILES

SOOTHES & HEALS

"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION RESULT

In the above Competition, which appeared in the December 24 issue of "John Bull," correct solutions were received from several Competitors who in each Section share the award of £20 offered in each of the Seven Sections.

SECTION 1.
A (4), B (3), C (6), D (5), E (2), F (1), G (7).
7 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 2.
A (5), B (6), C (3), D (4), E (2), F (1), G (7).
21 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 3.
A (5), B (7), C (2), D (4), E (6), F (3), G (3).
39 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 4.
A (1), B (3), C (2), D (4), E (6), F (7), G (5).
222 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 5.
A (4), B (3), C (7), D (1), E (5), F (6), G (2).
21 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 6.
A (4), B (6), C (7), D (2), E (1), F (3), G (5).
167 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 7.
A (5), B (2), C (1), D (4), E (6), F (3), G (7).
7 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of the names and addresses of the winners can be seen at "John Bull" offices. All have been notified and cheques or postal orders have been dispatched.

Reader's Story by W. Heath

101, St. James Crescent, Brixton, London, S.W.

DOUBLE BLUFF

"You look half asleep," I said. "Did those men give you any drink?"

THEY told me he was as full of tricks as a waggon-load of monkeys. And I smiled.

People who consider slickness and not honesty the best policy are no novelty to a county court bailiff.

"No one's put it across me yet," I told the solicitor who handed me the warrant for distraint. "But there's lots who've tried."

I was working not far from Croydon at the time, and the house I went to was semi-detached, next door to a second-hand furniture shop. The job started well, for my man Chambers and I had no difficulty in getting in—effecting an entrance, we call it.

A very polite young man—the debtor—opened the door, heard our business and ushered us inside. All he asked was whether it was necessary for me to leave my man in active possession. I had been warned. I said it was.

He shrugged his shoulders and said it did not really matter, as his brother expected to pay the debt within the scheduled time of five days. He willingly showed us over the well-furnished house, and even helped us with the inventory.

We were listing the goods in the last small upstairs room when I glanced up from the table facing the door. In astonishment I saw a fourth man present besides the debtor, Chambers and I.

He was so like the debtor that I knew he was the brother who was going to do the paying. What startled me was the mystery of his appearance, for there was only one door and I had not seen him enter. Nor apparently had Chambers.

"I own the shop next door," he explained with a grin.

"Can't you oblige us by withdrawing your man until to-morrow? I can pay you out then."

"Sorry," I said. "It's against orders. My man must remain."

"All right," he answered, still smiling. "It doesn't matter very much, only we were going to have a little party. We will look after him and see he is comfortable."

Somehow I did not quite like the tone in which he spoke. Ominous—that was the word for it. I signalled "danger" to Chambers by our usual method—snapping the rubber band on my pocket book. His eyes met mine. He understood.

NEXT morning I was uneasy and I went round early. As I got near the house I saw a pantechnicon leave the furniture shop next door. I did not like the look of it.

Chambers opened the door and told me he had slept in an easy chair in the hall. He was rubbing his eyes and still looked sleepy.

The shock came when I walked into the front room. Every stick of furniture had been removed except the lace curtains at the window.

And Chambers had slept not two yards away. I knew he was dependable.

Dashing upstairs I found the same thing. The place had been stripped. Everything had been taken away while my man guarded the front door.

We were both stupefied. Then I had an idea.

"You look half asleep, Chambers," I said. "Did those men give you any drink?"

"Only a bottle of beer," he admitted.

Could it have been drugged, I wondered. Chambers guessed what I was thinking. "It was a bit heavy and sweetish, now I come to think of it," he said.

There might be a clue next door. The removal van I had seen going away needed some explaining. As I knocked another pulled up outside, but quickly drove on, obviously having had a sign from inside.

After a moment or two the door was opened by the brother. He was smiling and seemed in no way perturbed. But I knew the game now. His mysterious appearance in the room yesterday and now the vanishing of the furniture meant—there was a door connecting the two houses.

After drugging Chambers they had shifted the furniture in overnight. Most probably the van I had first seen had already taken it away.

"Mr. Jones," I said—that was not his real name—"I have reason to believe that your brother's furniture was carried in here overnight.

"I propose to search your house or fetch the police at once."

"No need to," he answered good-humouredly. "It's all upstairs."

He led the way, and, as he said, there it was. He even pointed out the connecting door which looked like a part of the wall.

"Sorry—but what were we to do?" he asked. "I find I can't pay you out for a week or two, so we decided to clear away my brother's furniture and my own stock. As a matter of fact, I sent my stuff off a little while ago.

"At any rate, you can see all my brother's stuff. No harm done, and you will get the credit for being slick enough to trip us up."

"This furniture is going to be cleared at once!" I snapped.

"Certainly," he agreed. "Where are you sending it?"

When I mentioned well-known auction rooms at Croydon he raised no objection and volunteered the news that his brother had already left. He was quite resigned to the loss and offered me the use of his telephone.

I got through to the auctioneers and arranged for two furniture vans to be sent without delay, determined this time not to be caught napping.

Mr. Jones stayed until I had completed these arrangements, gave me an address to which I could send his brother a catalogue, put his personal belongings into a taxi he had summoned, and handed me the keys of the shop. He asked me to leave them with the auctioneers to be called for.

I was bound to agree that once he had met someone a bit smarter than himself he was easy to get on with.

SOON the vans arrived and we loaded up, checking each item, then getting the signature of the foreman in charge, a man named Cook. I told him we would meet him at the sale rooms. Chambers and I went by tram.

When we got there I had the shock of my life. The firm had not expected any goods from me, had received no telephone call, and had not sent out any vans! Nor did a man named Cook work there.

It did not take long to find what had happened. The telephone in the furniture shop had been switched on to a room in the empty house next door. When I had ordered the vans to collect the furniture I had been speaking to the debtor himself.

Yes, they got away with it. The furniture we had so carefully checked on to the vans had been driven away by confederates to a destination I was never able to discover.

The goods had vanished for ever!

Earn £5 5s. by letting us publish your real-life adventure, preferably one that happened in Britain. Length should not exceed 1,200 words and a stamped addressed envelope must be sent.

KEEP YOUR COLD from becoming a cough

Every time you get a cold, germs hang about you, especially in your lungs and bronchial tubes. Before you know where you are, a deep, dangerous, searing cough may have taken root.

Get a bottle of Famel Syrup from your chemist now, before cold germs can do any further damage. Take a dessertspoonful in tea, milk or hot lemon twice a day. Famel Syrup contains a special medicinal creosote called soluble Lactocreosote, which penetrates via the alimentary canal into the blood stream. By this means it can be carried right to the remotest corners of the lungs where mucus accumulates and germs multiply. Here the powerful antiseptic properties of the Lactocreosote come into force and kill any dangerous germs. Famel Syrup contains a tonic which builds up resistance against future colds, and generally lifts and enlivens the system when weakened and depressed by snuffly colds.

Doctors, nurses, hospital authorities, besides thousands and thousands of the general public, have benefited by, and recommend Famel (brand) Syrup. Prices 1/6 and (triple quantity) 3/-.

Famel Syrup Brand

CONQUERS COUGHS

LIVE Yeast is LIFE! The Finest TONIC

... Owing to its 'LIFE' and richness in Vitamin B, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a splendid GENERAL TONIC and a most effective remedy for

INDIGESTION, NERVES and NEURITIS

By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast conquers Indigestion, enriches the Blood and tones up the system in Nature's Own Way. Safe for all ages.

50 Tablets . . . 1/3
Family Size (150) 3/-
Vest-pocket Size 6d.
Of all Chemists

Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name

Phillips TONIC YEAST

REAL LIVE Yeast without drugs

FREE! BOOKLET ABOUT SKIN DISORDERS

The latest discoveries of Medical Scientists have brought new hope to Sufferers with Eczema, Bad Legs, Psoriasis and other Skin Diseases. This booklet describes the causes of many Skin Troubles and their modern treatment. Send for your copy now to Dept. A.

CUXSON GERRARD & CO. OLDBURY BIRMINGHAM

a-tish-oo!

WHY D... I TA... 2 Table... Phens...

A cold cannot develop if yo... it at the very first sign by ... PHENSIC. Cold germs ar... poisons are expelled, vit... increased. Take two tab... PHENSIC at bedtime. By m... you will be cold-free. Get PH... to-day! It cannot harm th...

Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Phen...

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'

Quickest and... COLDS and I...

CROSSWORD TERMS AND C...

On page 26 is presented the 16... taining Crossword Puzzles; ... your skill and knowledge by com... of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answ... form the standard of excellence by ... and all decisions will be based on ...

The judging will be carried out ... Adjudication Committee, consist... Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor ... and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecture... versity.

Each entry received will be a... First Prize-winner will be the co... Form has completed the Puzzle ... opletion of the Adjudication Co... Answers to the Clues provided ... will constitute the winning Puzz...

If at any points in the Puzz... relate the Adjudication Committ... submitted can be preferred on the ... then competitors there using wor... will be regarded as having used ... duly indicated when result and w... in JOHN BULL published The... reasons which decided the Committ... in JOHN BULL'S free ... obtainable by enclosing with entr... page 26. The Second Prize will b... whose entry is next in order of m... ties the appropriate cash prize ... not more than one cash prize ... allowed to one entrant in any on...

Acceptance of the findings of ... is regard to the most meritorious ... JOHN BULL in all other matt... tories are accepted and is liabl... the Crossword Competition.

Icy fingers clutch yo... streams down your fac... switch on the light—... Yet . . .—or was it a ... mise . . . Your Dreams ... Wishes," one of the ... the February "Armch... Long Distance Talking ... Britain's "Maginot L... other fascinating scien... plained in simple, non... pages, 27 articles and ... drawings and diagrams.

ARMC... SCIEN...

WHY DIDN'T I TAKE 2 Tablets of Phensic

A cold cannot develop if you check it at the very first sign by taking PHENSIC. Cold germs are killed, poisons are expelled, vitality is increased. Take two tablets of PHENSIC at bedtime. By morning you will be cold-free. Get PHENSIC to-day! It cannot harm the heart. Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

For COLDS CHILLS 'FLU And all Nerve Pains —Take

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

CROSSWORD No. 142.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 56 is presented the 142nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle figures.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle figures appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 9, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 56. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the eventof a tie on the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for the Crossword Competition.

Do you ever have DEATH WISH DREAMS?

Icy fingers clutch your throat—perspiration streams down your forehead—in a frenzy you switch on the light—*there's no one there!* Yet . . .—or was it a dream? You mustn't miss "Your Dreams Express your Hidden Wishes," one of the many thrilling articles in the February "Armchair Science." Read, too, Long Distance Talking—The War on Germs—Britain's "Maginot Line"—and a hundred other fascinating scientific developments explained in simple, non-technical language. 100 pages, 27 articles and features, 67 photographs, drawings and diagrams. Get your copy now!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE — 6D

RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE now known to be caused by BAD KIDNEY ACTION

Few medical discoveries of recent years can have a more far-reaching effect upon the health of the nation than that of an eminent doctor, who found that Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Pains in Back, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting, and Disturbed Nights, etc., were caused by faulty Kidney action, and you'll never be fit and well again until you take the right steps to put your kidneys in order.

Your kidneys have a most important function—they filter and cleanse the blood—working at full pressure day and night—and it is only when the Kidneys get overloaded with poisons, acids and germs which they are unable to eliminate that you suffer as you are to-day. Take Cystex—the right medicine for your trouble—and you'll soon be as fit and active as before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.

YOU MUST GET WELL IF YOU TAKE CYSTEX

Cystex will make and keep your Kidneys and Blood pure, clean and uncontaminated—free them from all toxic acids (including the crystal forming uric acid) which causes aches and pains in joints and muscles, and from accumulations of poisonous waste matters and germs which make you feel despondent and ill.

CYSTEX HELPS NATURE 3 WAYS

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles:—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

BETTER IN 24 HOURS

Cystex is a positive, speedy and guaranteed remedy for all ailments having an origin in faulty kidney action which causes poor elimination of toxic acids, poisons and waste matters from the system. Within 24 hours after taking the first Cystex tablet you'll feel decidedly better—pain will have ceased or considerably lessened—while in a few days you will feel fine. All this is guaranteed.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist to-day for Cystex, costing either 1/3, 3/- or 6/-. If it does not put you right, return the empty package to the address below (not to your chemist) and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! and you'll be well in next to no time. The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex The GUARANTEED Remedy for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

Cystex is obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors and all Chemists, price 1/3, 3/- and 6/- per box
Knox Laboratories Ltd., 81 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

RELIABLE REMEDIES for Everyday COMMON AILMENTS

They will give Prompt Relief and Save you Doctor's Bills.
Order them To-day—Accept the Special Bonus Trial Offer Free!

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

No More GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind Flatulence, Fulness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions." Prices: Trial size 6d. (24). Other sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions).

Ask for "White Lions," and make your mealtime happier! A Trial will convince you that "WHITE LIONS" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send to readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon asking for "WHITE LIONS," to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.108), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling. Trial Size 1/- (25). Other Sizes 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS" to:—

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.108), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

RHEUMATISM

HEADACHE, SCIATICA, NEURITIS.

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadspro" Compound, the new pain-killer (No. 223). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria.

Prices: Trial Size 6d. (10). Other Sizes 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100).

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If, after trying one, you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon, asking for "Shadspro" Compound to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.108), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,
DISPENSING CHEMISTS
(Dept. J.B. 108), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

SORE SCALP — ECZEMA — SKIN RASH —

READ THIS NURSE'S TESTIMONY to D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Nurse K.D., C.M.B., Ealing, writes: "I have put D.D.D. Prescription to severe tests. One was the case of a girl with horrid sore scalp. I applied D.D.D. Prescription and to-day I had the satisfaction of seeing scales and sores almost gone. The second was the case of a woman with eczema all over her face. After the third day it was scarcely visible. For myself, I have applied it to my own face, which is suffering at the moment with a somewhat unsightly rash which irritates frightfully. The D.D.D. Prescription has taken away the inflamed appearance of the rash, cooled the skin and allayed irritation; its general effect being most soothing."

D.D.D. Brand Prescription can safely be recommended to give instant relief and quickly overcomes eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, ulcers, boils and unsightly sores. Splendid, too, for Dandruff. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE — A generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent to all who forward name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N. 11), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

CHEAPER HOLIDAYS!

Send for these Free Booklets!

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"MY COUGH HAS GONE!"

This is what thousands upon thousands of sufferers delightedly exclaim after taking VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE. VENOS stops coughing *like lightning*, soothes, eases, warms, strengthens and, most important of all, *arrests the development of dangerous germs!* The Family Remedy for COLDS 'FLU Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough.

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Sold Everywhere 11½d, 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle

"Ask the Sergeant"

—and if he's a Commissionaire, the job will be well done

THE Crimean War had been over only three years, and the Indian Mutiny not yet one, when Captain Edward Walter, of the 8th Hussars, was stopped one bitter day by a crippled beggar in the Strand.

Maimed though the man was—he had only one arm—and pitiable in his raggedness, there was something about his bearing that arrested the officer's attention.

"You're an old soldier, aren't you?" he asked the man. And he learned that this pathetic figure was a bugler who had lost his arm at Waterloo, and who was then existing on a Government pension of fourpence a day.

It was that encounter which determined Captain Walter, afterwards Sir Edward Walter, K.C.B., to tackle an evil that had been a commonplace at least since the Wars of the Roses—the neglect, and worse, of the old soldier.

He would ask no help from the Government; he received at first practically none from a public which continued to believe that to take the Queen's Shilling was to disgrace the family.

Edward Walter tackled the problem single-handed.

It was on February 13, just eighty years ago, that Captain Walter marched his bugler and six other one-armed soldiers to Westminster Abbey, to call attention to the founding of the Corps of Commissionaires and to give thanks that they need no longer endure a life of poverty, idleness and charity.

When Sir Edward died in 1904, there were more than 3,000 men in the Corps. To-day there are 5,100 wearing the familiar black uniform and the distinctive badge.

King George V, when he reviewed the Corps at Buckingham Palace in 1934, said that badge inspired confidence, and commanded universal respect.

A dependable fellow, you'd say, of any Commissionaire. This one is Sergeant Smith, V.C.

Employers and the general public have good reason for their confidence in that uniform, a confidence clearly demonstrated by the fact that practically every one of those 5,000 men is now in permanent work. Many of them have never had a day unemployed.

Every member of the Corps has an exemplary Service record, whether in the Army, Navy or Air Force.

The integrity of each man is guaranteed by the Corps to the extent of £50.

PROOF that he is no longer the shiftless and intemperate "old sweat" who once caused the ex-soldier to be generally mistrusted, not only does every member of the Corps have to deposit a fixed sum, varying from £5 to £25 according to rank and length of service, in the Corps Savings Bank, but he also has to add to this at the rate of at least 12s. a quarter.

Thrift, in fact, is one of the dominant principles of the Corps, and it is quite common for a Commissionaire on retirement to take with him from £200 to £400 in accumulated savings.

Moreover, it has been estimated that nearly £1,000,000 a year is earned among the Corps' total membership.

That their ranks contain the right men for every job is the proud boast of the Commissionaires. Besides the many situations in which we are accustomed to see them—as door attendants, enquiry clerks, messengers, hall porters and so on—many strange and responsible jobs come their way.

Fifty-four years in the Corps, Sergeant O'Brien, the "oldest inhabitant" of Exchange Court, the Commissionaires' headquarters in London's Strand, is now messenger to the Corps Commandant.

But in his time O'Brien has "seen life" in an astonishing variety of jobs.

Superb in routine work, the Commissionaires know how to think quickly. Last November, one of the four members of the Corps attached to the Berlin Embassy plunged in full uniform into the River Spree and rescued a young German postman who, in the words of the official German report, had attempted suicide on account of "love's grief."

No job is too responsible or too unusual for these trusted old soldiers. Many of them are chosen to cross to the Continent with immensely important and valuable documents that would ruin a business or a reputation if they were lost.

Corporal Rowe, Commissionaire at the London Zoo once spent a night humouring a homicidal maniac who varied plunges into a bath with gulps at a whisky bottle. One of Rowe's comrades recently became personal bodyguard to a Hollywood film star.

Everyone knows it is useless trying to "gate-crash" any premises where a Commissionaire is in charge, and many a burglar has learned to his cost that neither bribery nor guile sways the man in the famous uniform.

WHILE the Corps was founded in London, and Exchange Court, with its barracks for 130 single men, its mess, canteen, billiards room, surgery and clothing store, is the headquarters of 3,000 men, branches have sprung up all over the country—in Belfast, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle.

Organisations on similar lines have also been started, or are being started, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and in the colonies.

More than thirty firms in this country at present employ over ten members of the Corps. One firm has fifty-eight on its books. Could there be a finer tribute?

Financially, the Corps is one of the most prosperous undertakings in the country. The Trustees hold valuable property in the block of buildings containing the Corps' headquarters. This block includes the premises now occupied by the High Commissioner for New Zealand.

The total savings deposits of the Corps amount to over £200,000.

Throughout the eighty years of its existence, the management of this huge organisation has lain in the hands of three members of one family, a branch of the Walter family which founded the *Times*.

AS a record of personal service, this connection must be almost unique. When the founder, Sir Edward Walter, died, he was followed in the command of the Corps by his nephew, Major Frederic Walter, who was succeeded in his turn, after twenty-seven years in command, by his son, the present Commandant, Lieut.-Col. Edmund Walter.

During the eighty years, 30,000 men from the Regular and Reserve forces have been on the rolls of the Corps. They have justified by their exemplary conduct the faith of the founder in the sterling qualities of the soldier and sailor.

They have shown that a soldier's usefulness and reliability last into civil life—and they have had as their reward a respect from employers that means they will never lack a job.

So, "Ask the Sergeant" is a familiar phrase in firms that employ a Commissionaire. For the Sergeant gets things done.

Operation ordered at once for PILES but NEMOLIN saved him!

IF you suffer from piles, you'll readily understand the predicament of this London man. Tortured with itching, bleeding piles, he was finally told that only the surgeon's knife could cure him. "Two years ago," writes his son, "my father was ordered to hospital for immediate operation for piles. He did not agree, and decided to try 'Nemolin' Ointment, with the result that he improved wonderfully, and avoided the operation. 'Nemolin' in his case was almost miraculous." (W.F.C., London).

Why risk the knife when there is such a safe, sure remedy available? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or your money refunded.

Is your DOG'S COAT POOR and PATCHY

Dog experts declare that the finest, fastest-working cure for doggy coat and skin ailments is Karswood Dog Powders. Dogs stop scratching, grow superb coats and are full of pep after a few "Karswoods."

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KARSWOOD DOG POWDERS

Used by 81 out of every 100 Dog Experts

Miss L. Cunningham

She Got What She Wanted!

Knowing what she wanted and having the will to go all out for it brought added security for the rest of her life to this young music-teacher—Miss L. Cunningham, 6, Steven Street, Glasgow. "I started to enter JOHN BULL Crosswords with the idea of winning some ready cash," she related. "In six months, simply by using my common-sense, I won a Life Pension of 20s. Weekly."

Turn to page 36 and work out this week's entertaining puzzle—your reward may well be a 20s. Weekly Life Pension with a Free Gift daily as long as you live, plus £250 cash!

WHEN YOUR STOMACH AFFECTS YOUR HEART

If you are suffering with pains near your heart, perhaps it has not occurred to you that sometimes these may be due to Indigestion. Heartburn, palpitation . . . these are distressingly common symptoms that point to the need of correcting digestive disturbance. The fermentation of undigested food, or the production of gas through excess acidity, leads to that "blown-out" feeling which also causes pressure on the heart.

When these symptoms appear, relief is very soon gained by taking a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This famous remedy quickly and calmly corrects excess acidity, disperses wind, removes the pressure that produces pain, soothes and heals the inflamed stomach tissue. Your digestion does its work quite normally again, and your heart is no longer troubled. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is sold in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets. Only genuine with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Also handy pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

HOW SHE LOST WEIGHT and REGAINED HEALTH

LOST 6 st. 2 lbs.

Read this letter—"Your splendid fat-reducer "SILF" has done so much for me that I am writing to say how grateful I am.

"Until six months ago I weighed no less than 16 st. 12 lbs.—much too heavy for a woman of my height—but to-day I only weigh 10 st. 10 lbs. What a wonderful change—a reduction of 6 st. 2 lbs.

"And let me say I have never felt better in health . . ."

Read this statement from a HARLEY STREET SPECIALIST:

"For some time past," he writes, "I have tried the effects of your 'SILF' treatment for Obesity and have formed the opinion that it produces most satisfactory results without any ill-effects . . ."

SILF Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box (You can save money by purchasing the large size), or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46BD), 32, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

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DO YOU WANT TO OWN YOUR OWN BUSINESS? ORIENTAL TEA IMPORTERS, LTD. (Dept. 14), INVESTMENT BUILDINGS, 67, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL, 2, offer Keen, Enterprising and Reliable Salesmen and Saleswomen a genuine opportunity to develop a remunerative business of their own. No cash outlay. Write for full particulars.

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RAIN, FLOODS, COLD. Why not protect yourself with a real Oilskin Coat? Absolutely waterproof and amazingly cheap. See Whitefield Reid's announcement on page 3.

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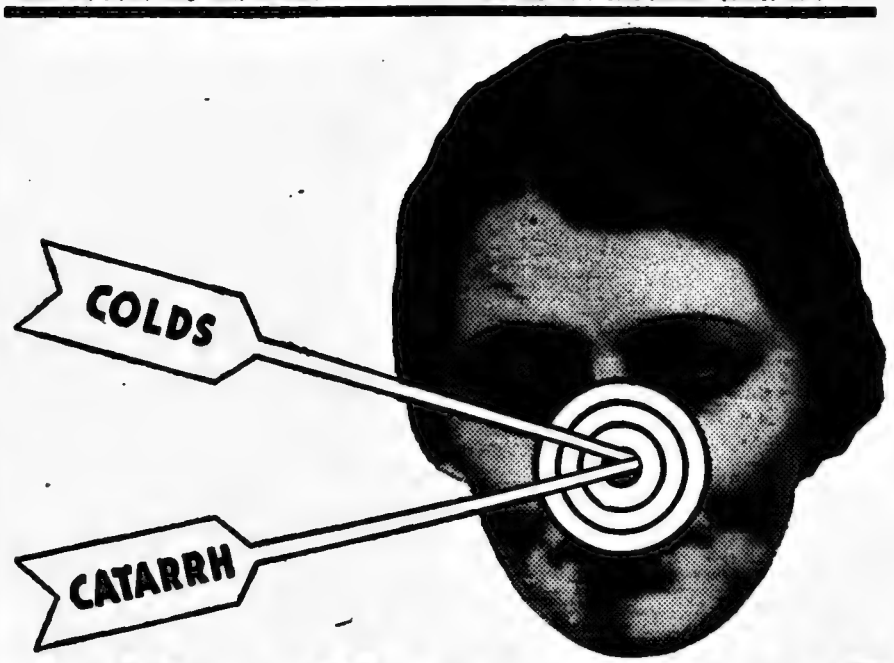

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REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem—that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World." Dept. J.B. 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

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FREE to indigestion sufferers—pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland Indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write, mentioning *John Bull* (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds. See page 29.

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WHOOPING Cough and Croup. Mothers, send for this free booklet. Fill in the coupon in the Potter & Clarke advertisement on page 29 for a valuable booklet explaining all about a wonderful remedy with more than half a century's reputation that will benefit all chest and lung troubles of children and adults.

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FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the POLYTECHNIC Touring Association's announcement on page 23 for free copies of their 1939 programme, offering suggestions for attractive holidays at cheap prices. You have a choice of any or all of these free booklets, which are filled with ideas—suggestions for holidays abroad, at home, or cruises. You simply must get this information. No holidays would be complete without it. Turn to page 23 now and fill in the coupon

Win 20/- WEEKLY for LIFE plus FREE GIFT DAILY and £250 Cash

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UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

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1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, February 16, 1939.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 2. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, March 7, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 33.

BIG CHEQUES AND GROCERY CASES

WON IN CROSSWORD No. 139.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 139, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

Mrs. E. ARNOLD, 18, Manse Rd., West Hackney, N.16.
Mrs. C. LEWIS, 88, Abbotsbury Rd., Weymouth, Dorset.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500, and a cheque for £250 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 14, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 26 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £3 17s. 0d., together with one of the Grocery Cases containing ten items of high-class stores. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 174 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. GAME. 5. PUMP. 6. RUSE. 7. LEAF. 9. TOTS. 12. HOLLY. 13. SPOUT. 17. HEAT. 20. MARSH. 21. DWELL.
DOWN.—1. GULL. 2. ARE. 3. PURSE. 4. METAL. 5. SHEDS. 8. TOOL. 10. BOTS. 11. SHOT. 14. PAD, PAP or PAR. 15. WELLS. 16. PUMP. 18. TRY. 19. OWE.

WINNING SQUARE

G	A	M	E	P	U	M
P	E	R	U	S	E	A
L	E	A	F	R	I	E
T	O	T	S	A	C	I
D	R	O	E	S	L	Y
H	O	L	L	Y	H	E
R	Y	S	P	O	U	T
P	S	N	E	A	T	O
D	E	S	T	■	O	R
A	L	■	G	O	R	A
M	A	R	S	H	D	W
E	L	L	■	P	L	Y
I	M	P	E	D	E	S

75 da

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point PAD, PAP and PAR were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

NOVEL 5-in-1 WEDDING PRIZE & £100 FREE.

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Big 5-in-1 Wedding Prize and £100 Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

In Crossword No. 141 an error occurred in wording of Clue No. 20 Across. In fairness to all entrants, any Answers given at this point will be disregarded in adjudication of entries.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. May be the kind in which one gets holes
3. Board should be relieved of a useless one
5. It's always foolish to risk these by scorching
6. It somehow seems quite a change for one to do this at seaside
8. Garden may be spoilt by
12. Fresh
13. Gentle one won't harm young child
16. One frequently gets dry in very hot weather
18. Chop meat very fine
19. A common make-up is this on cheeks
20. Schoolboys are unlikely to have this for lessons

DOWN CLUES.

1. One sometimes hinges on post
2. Experienced people will rarely take this from youngsters
3. House is frequently this when family takes annual holiday
4. When you get this in country it's better if you know district
5. One would expect housewife to know how to prepare one
7. People are occasionally frightened of one
9. Industrious little insect
10. Dairyman's round usually covers more than this
11. Commercial traveller introduces himself to prospective buyer with this
14. May be the kind most people consider stupid
15. One is pretty sure to get a rough time of it now and then
17. Observe

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange:—

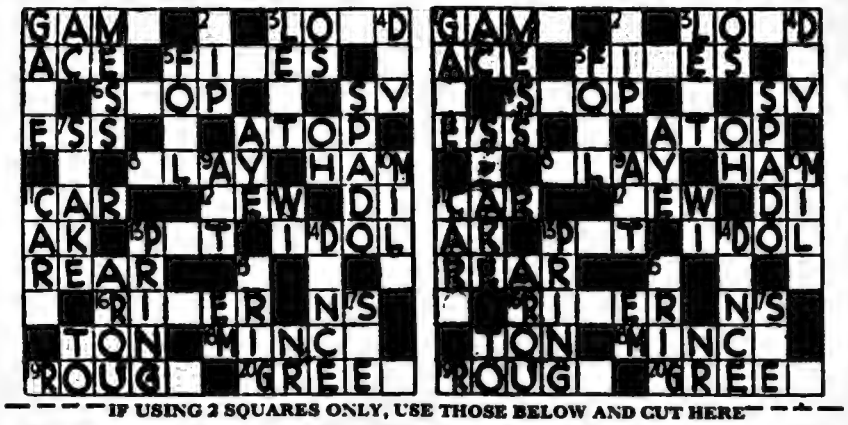
(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable).

Name .....

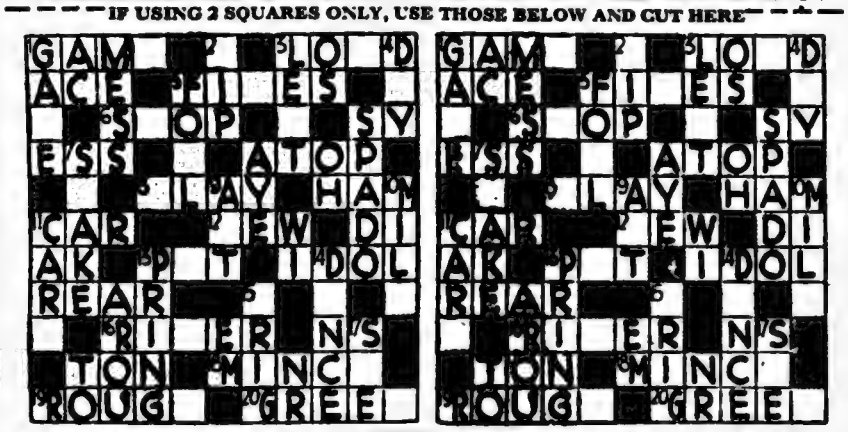
Address .....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 142. Closing Postmark Thurs., Feb. 16, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

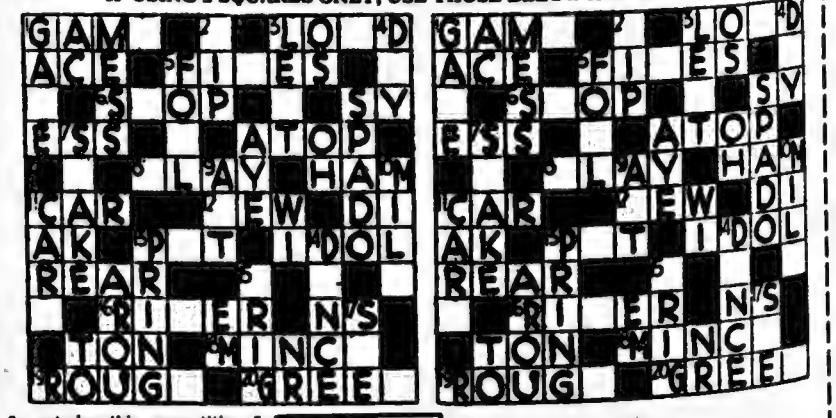
.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 142, "JOHN BULL," 97, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 142. Closing Postmark Thurs., Feb. 16, 1939.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....
With 6 squares send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
With 8 squares send P.O. for 2s.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ANOTHER MONSTER OFFER COMING SOON!

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

by "Poolex" (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, February 11.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset. In pools where a choice is given, **avoid games marked ***; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

February 11, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Chesterfield v. Tranmere	1	x	*
2 Huddersfield v. Walsall	1	x	
3 Watford v. Clapton O.	1	2	
4 Falkirk v. Queen of S.	1	2	
5 Southend v. Mansfield	1	2	
6 Barnsley v. Hull	1	x	*
7 Bristol C. v. Northampton	1	x	*
8 Derby v. Brentford	1	x	*
9 Southampton v. Norwich	1	2	
10 Sheffield U. v. Grimsby	1	2	
11 Millwall v. Fulham	1	x	
12 Wolves v. Liverpool	1	x	
13 Hartlepools v. York	1	2	
14 Newcastle v. Preston	1	2	*
15 Carlisle v. Rotherham	1	x	
16 Birmingham v. Everton	1	2	
17 Coventry v. W.B.A.	1	2	
18 Sunderland v. Blackburn	1	x	
19 Crewe v. Doncaster	1	x	
20 Oldham v. Bradford C.	1	2	
21 Portsmouth v. West Ham	1	2	
22 Hibernian v. Albion R.	1	2	
23 Q.P.R. v. Swindon	1	x	
24 Reading v. Bristol R.	1	x	
25 Celtic v. Clyde	1	2	
26 Cardiff v. Bournemouth	1	x	
27 Ayr v. Hamilton	1	2	
28 Crystal P. v. Newport	1	x	
29 Aldershot v. Notts C.	1	2	
30 Bradford v. Bury	1	2	
31 Leeds v. Middlesbrough	1	2	
32 Gateshead v. Wrexham	2	x	
33 Burnley v. Plymouth	2	x	
34 Partick v. Queen's P.	2	1	*
35 Chelsea v. Sheffield W.	2	1	*
36 Stockport v. Southport	2	x	*
37 N. Brighton v. Barrow	2	x	
38 St. Mirren v. Raith R.	2	1	
39 Ipswich v. Brighton	2	1	
40 Darlington v. Rochdale	2	x	*
41 Arbroath v. Kilmarnock	2	x	*
42 Accrington v. Lincoln	2	1	
43 Motherwell v. Hearts.	2	x	
44 Halifax v. Chester	2	x	
45 Charlton v. Manchester U.	2	1	
46 Port Vale v. Torquay	2	x	
47 Third Lanark v. Rangers	2	x	
48 St. Johnstone v. Aberdeen	2	x	*

A Graded Guide SYSTEM

MORE and more readers are using the Graded Guide as a basis for their pool entries, judging by my post-bag.

And, what is more, many of them are finding new pools uses for the Guide.

I am pleased to say that a great number of them have reported successes, too.

Typical of the letters—because the most frequent enquiry is for methods of using the two-way forecasts in the Guide for penny pool entries—is the following:

"I find that last week either the A or B forecast on your Graded Guide was correct for every match in the penny pool on my coupon.

"Would it have been possible to get an all-correct line by permuting your forecasts?"

Well, it would have been possible, but too expensive to recommend.

The permutation of twelve two-way forecasts takes 4,096 lines, and, moreover, the Graded Guide was a bit above average that week. On average, for a twelve-match pool the two-way forecast system covers about ten of the matches, and for the other two games both my forecasts are wrong.

Based on this average, I have devised a little system suitable for the shilling stake, which appears below. I do not advise readers to go to extend this idea to cover a bigger stake, because this is simply an automatic method. Even in response to many requests, I think the punter who has not the time to think out his own forecasts.

In the following twelve-column table, A stands for the forecast given in column A of the Graded Guide, B for the forecast given in column B, and C for the third possible result.

Each column contains six A forecasts, six B forecasts and two C's.

A	A	A	B	C	B	A	B	A	C	B	A
A	A	B	A	B	C	B	B	A	A	C	A
A	C	C	A	A	B	A	A	B	A	B	B
A	B	A	B	B	A	C	B	A	A	A	C
A	A	B	A	B	B	A	C	A	B	C	A
A	B	A	C	B	A	B	A	C	B	A	A
B	A	A	C	B	A	A	A	C	B	A	A
B	A	B	C	A	A	B	A	B	C	A	A
C	A	B	B	A	A	A	A	B	A	B	C
B	B	A	A	A	B	C	A	C	B	A	A
C	B	A	A	A	C	B	B	A	A	A	B
B	C	A	A	C	A	A	A	A	B	B	B

I have arranged these lines to cover as many probabilities as I could, but please note that *there is no guarantee.*

"Simple Five" Plan

If I rely on two bankers for the "Simple Five" pool, how many lines do I require to cover the other three games for all possible results?—N. B., Honley.

You would require twenty-seven lines to cover three games for three results each. This is a larger entry than I should recommend. A system of two-way forecasts and bankers would be more reasonable.

For instance, suppose you choose two home bankers and mark the other three games like this:

x x x x 2 2 2 2
x x 2 2 x x 2 2
x 2 x 2 x 2 x 2

In this pool you may prefer to take two aways as bankers. In that case mark the other three games for 1 or x, by changing the 2's to 1's in the above permutation.

Too Expensive

Can you tell me what capital outlay would be required to permute eight penny pool matches, leaving four games as bankers? Do you think it would be a winning proposition? — J. A. M., Southampton.

You would need 6,561 lines, costing more than £27 a week. The chances of picking four bankers correctly are about one in sixteen with average forecasting skill.

Winning Chances

My pool is the "six homes failing to win." I make twelve selections each week and average eight correct. Can you give me a table (not more than eight lines) which will make sure of a winning line whenever I get eight or more of my selections correct?—N. A. P., Huddersfield.

It is not possible to allow for this margin of error in eight lines. The best I can recommend is the following entry, which has roughly one chance in five of a winning line if eight selections out of twelve are right.

With nine right, there is an even chance of success, and with ten or more of your twelve selections correct a winning line is assured:

3	3	3	—	—	—
3	—	—	3	3	—
—	3	—	3	—	3
—	—	3	—	3	3
3	3	3	—	—	—
3	—	—	3	3	—
—	3	—	3	—	3
—	—	3	—	3	3
3	3	3	—	—	—
3	—	—	3	3	—
—	3	—	3	—	3
—	—	3	—	3	3

(This table can also be used for the six-results pool, but the markings must be altered to 1, x or 2, according to your forecast.)

Home Advantage

Why does the home team always seem to start with an advantage? Surely one ground is much the same as another in first-class football. I think that the travelling has a good deal to do with it. If so, some facts on the distance that the away club has to travel should help us with forecasting.—R. H. C., Wallasey.

Grounds do differ a little, but not enough to upset League teams. The main advantage of playing at home, in my opinion, is the presence of a large number of home supporters. Even star players are affected by the crowd.

Small investors will welcome the special penny entries designed by "Poolex" which appear in the "Sporting Life Weekly" every Saturday. These tables form one of the many useful features included in the "Weekly's" comprehensive pools service.

Pools Parliament

Pools fans, this is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Flatulence

FIRST DOSE GIVES

INSTANT RELIEF

When food stays undigested in the stomach it is then you have distressing flatulence (wind), heartburn and very often dreadful griping pains. Excess acid is being formed in the stomach which, attacking the stomach lining, causes you agonising pain. This condition, if neglected, may lead to dyspepsia or gastritis. Neglect early indications of digestive trouble and you may become a chronic dyspeptic.

To end all the pain and misery caused by indigestion you cannot do better than start at once with De Witt's Antacid Powder, the quick-action remedy. The first dose gives instant relief because this wonderful preparation throws a protecting coat over the stomach wall; neutralises acidity; actually helps to digest food; enables you to enjoy meals with no painful after effects.

As De Witt's Antacid Powder banishes your digestive troubles you at once feel brighter, happier and more vitally alive because your food is doing you good. It certainly is fine to enjoy all your meals once again. If you want to stop indigestion with all its pains and handicaps, adopt this sound advice and start to-day to

TAKE

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

the quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomachic Affections. Of all Chemists, price 1/6, double size, 2/6.

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Watch Your KIDNEYS AFTER INFLUENZA

An enormous strain is placed on the kidneys by illness owing to the accumulated impurities which the kidneys must clear away before perfect health returns.

In most illnesses the kidneys themselves get weak or impaired. So when they are called upon to take the extra load of clearing out the poisons which result from the illness (bacteria, dead cells, uric acid etc.), you will see how necessary it is that your kidneys are watched and assisted.

The safest and most pleasant way of strengthening your kidneys is by taking some De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are prepared specially to act on the kidneys. This they do so effectively and gently that you will be delighted with the feeling of health and strength that comes after taking a short course with them.

They are so successful in giving relief in all cases of kidney trouble because they are specially prepared for that work. In fact, you can see for yourself within 24 hours that they have put their healing touch right where it is needed. So do not neglect any symptoms that warn you your kidneys need attention. Look out for—

BACKACHE — PAINS IN JOINTS
BAGGY EYES — LISTLESS FEELING
BAD BREATH — RHEUMATIC PAINS
or any Urinary Irregularities

If you have any of these symptoms, get

De WITTS PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

ce with
ilver Ring"

Finishes in Camera

APROPOS my remarks in recent notes regarding the desirability of calling in the aid of the camera to assist judges in close finishes, a New York reader has sent me particulars of the apparatus used on the Hialeah Park track.

This is styled the Jones camera, and it has recently been remodelled to give it a speed of 360 frames a second.

The development of the negative has been speeded to a point that a photograph can be given to the placing judges in 35 seconds and flashed on a screen for the public in two and a half minutes.

A speed of 360 frames a second means that if a horse is racing at a speed of a mile in 1.35 (few horses finish at such a speed), a photograph is made every 1.8 inch. With the worst possible luck the finish photograph would show the nose of the winner not more than nine-tenths of an inch from the finish wire.

After a close race the punters who have lost their money can see enlarged projections of the finish, also a motion picture of it.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

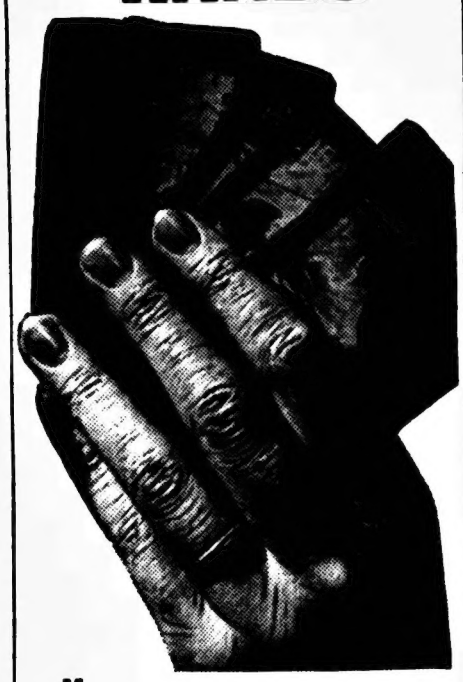
The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 9, to Wednesday, February 15.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 96 E D K V W A N 95 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: 95OW9398A93K would read TAPINOIS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. UAY9594Z2 would read YOUTELL.

MEN DETEST KITCHEN HANDS



Your hands will keep soft, smooth and attractive even though you do housework, if you rub in 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly every night at bedtime, then wipe off. Doctors say 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils. Start tonight. Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins. Send for free booklet to Department J.B.1, Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
Petroleum Jelly
EVERY NIGHT KEEPS HANDS NICE

WHY HUSBANDS GROUSE!

Don't blame husbands and fathers who get cross and irritable, worn out and exhausted, trying to make a living—working hard at the office or in the factory when they don't feel right; often a man neglects his health, ruins his nerves and becomes impatient with everyone and everybody, and doesn't realise that Mineral-Vitamin starvation is the cause of these conditions. When that's what's wrong — try "Vikelp."

The body's chemical processes that change digested food into rich blood, firm flesh and the strength and energy you need to feel on top of the world, require certain Minerals and Vitamins . . . elements usually deficient in our modern daily diet. "Vikelp" provides these nutritional elements without which good nourishment is wasted. Its iron, copper, phosphorus, magnesium, and calcium, plus its Vitamins and natural sea-plant iodine, make the system get the real good out of food. "Vikelp" contains absolutely no drugs.

Start "Vikelp" today. Thousands report they eat, sleep, look and feel better and add healthy extra pounds if they are underweight. Millions upon millions of tablets are used annually. Your chemist has it! Money back if you are not satisfied with results. Send for free 50-page Book on why YOU need Minerals and Vitamins, to Health Products Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 2/2), 128 Baker Street, London, W.1.

URACE PUT AN END TO **RHEUMATISM**

FREE SAMPLE! From Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/6 & 3/-

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"*Bullets*" *Illustrated:*
At the Police Ball—
Sergeant "Danced"—Watch Stolen

The Editor Laughs Last

OLD BOY (Bath).—"I often used to take too much drink as a youngster, I admit, but I could always find my own door unaided." But how about the keyhole?

L. B. (Bilston).—"I have just got quite a good job, the only trouble being that the foreman keeps buzzing around." He is the fly in the appointment.

T. M. (Yeovil).—"I have just papered the hall, but I must say it looks rather lumpy." We are wondering if you forgot to take the barometer down.

R. M (Filey).—"I am sure the man in the telephone box was half asleep judging by the way he kept nodding." Or merely arguing with his wife on the other end of the line?

E. S. (Sheffield).—"The number eight has been recurring to me all day long. Isn't it odd?" No, even!

F. L. (Guildford).—"I am noted for the good hats I wear." You patronise the best restaurants?

HOUSEWIFE (Lewes).—"Eggs are going up again." Yes, the one we were served with yesterday seemed rather high.

VETERAN (Bournemouth).—"Though 85, I am a young man still." But not quite so young when you have to move, eh?

E. N. (Barmouth).—"A football referee only learns from experience just when to award a penalty." We doubt if spectators will take this slur lying down.

R. L. (Daventry).—"I always find the birds in my garden excellent company in the winter." They're lucky—those in our garden have to hunt round for their own.

L. K. (Walsall).—"I've a number of friends who have said that they would give me the shirts off their backs if necessary. How can I prove their sincerity?" Open a laundry.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

ISLE OF MAN TIMES:—"He was the son of a fine amateur MUSEUM."

HINCKLEY TIMES AND GUARDIAN:—"DUCK was falling as the lorry carried a dozen employees to their homes. . . ."

THE LEADER:—". . . there are 31,233 bachelors and only 19,048 eligible girls. Consequently debs in Sofia are in constant REMAND at dances, parties, etc. . . ."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"After a BALLET the meeting decided to recommend to the annual meeting that . . ."

NEWS OF THE WORLD: "Passengers were conveyed by 'buses into Truro, and MALES and parcels were carried by lorry."

HALESWORTH TIMES: ". . . wishes us to state that CARTOONS for civilian respirators have now been received. . . ."

A. C. (Dover).—"Nightcaps are still worn by some men of old-fashioned tastes." Though the modern tendency, of course, is to drink the things.

MR. T. (Diss).—"My wife never nags me if I happen to put my feet on the mantelpiece when I am reading." See letter below.

MRS. T. (Diss).—"I am always finding money, which has fallen out of my husband's trouser-pockets, in the armchair in the front room." See letter above.

EXPLORER (Southampton).—"When I landed by plane on an uncivilised island in the Pacific the savages did not know what to make of me." It was lucky for you that they hadn't a cookery book.

S. D. (London, E.).—"When the bandit entered the post-office the girl at the stamp counter held him in conversation while somebody sent for the police." It was extraordinary that she noticed him at all.

★ P. R. (Carlisle). — "I dreamt that early in the New Year, I would be offered a job by the Government. Instead, they are asking me to find the money to meet an income tax demand." Well, isn't that a job? ★

M. O. (Boston).—"A piano will produce exactly the same sound whether struck by the fingers of an artist or the tip of an umbrella." Which makes us wonder all the more what the people next door strike theirs with.

MRS. D. (Hampstead).—"I think a woman makes herself cheap when she calls her husband to book." Cheap? The last time the wife phoned us to get seats for the theatre she proved very expensive.

L. J. (Cheshunt).—"I got married last week and I want some advice from you." Too late!

R. L. (Ilkley).—"Snow comes from the North, and rain comes from the West, but which way does hail come?" Down.

R. M. (Frinton).—"Our wild birds are supposed to start their mating on St. Valentine's Day." Then we must hang a calendar in the garden with the date underlined.

★ R. B. (Ventnor). — "All our modern inventions seem to be making work lighter for man." But not one of them seems to make a lighter work for him. ★

R. L. (Nuneaton).—"My wife made me go to the dance, although I had really made up my mind to stay at home for the evening." But she had made up her face to go out, we suppose?

E. N. (Portsmouth).—"I see the Government wants only £42,000,000 for the British Navy this year." Sorry, but that is still a little more than we can afford to give.

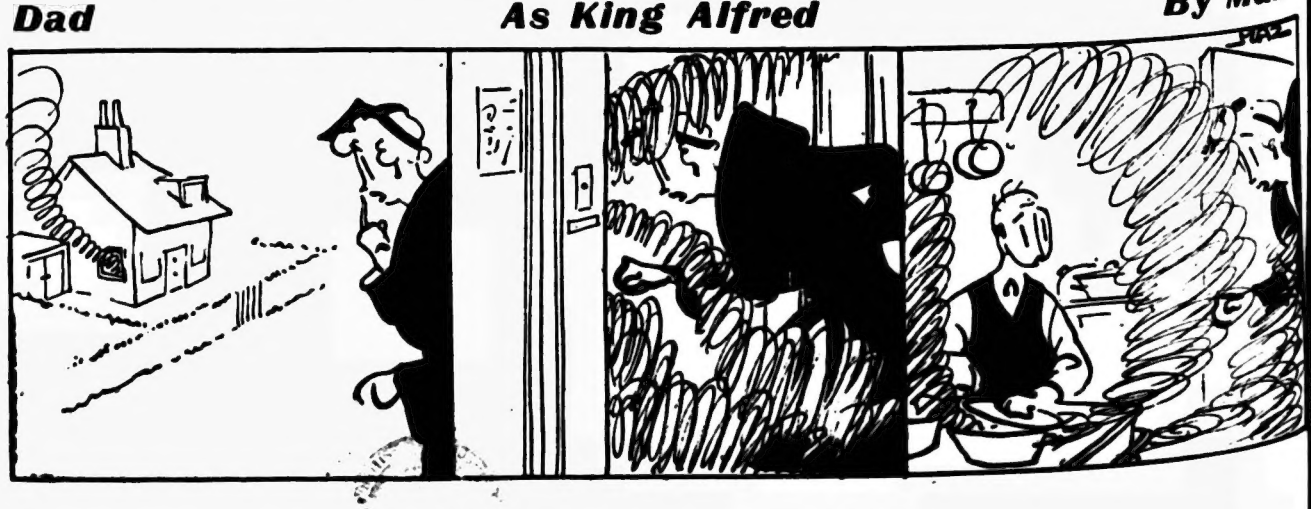
R. M. (Perth).—"If you want a good carriage, try balancing a couple of books on your head." And if you try rolling your eyes and twitching your mouth at the same time, you will probably get one all to yourself.

MISS J. C. (Putney).—"We've been going out together since 1936, but it will be years before we can afford to set up a home." Put your heads together over the opposite page and you may be putting up the banns within a month.

P. L. (Lampeter).—"I couldn't cash a cheque at the hotel I stayed at. The landlord told me that he had a definite rule in regard to cheques and wouldn't cash one even for his own mother." We suppose he knows his own family best.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Dad As King Alfred By Maz



LET 'BULLETS' HELP YOU MAKE THIS A HAPPY DAY
NOVEL BIG 5-in-1 WEDDING PRIZE
1—Deposit on New Home, or year's rent up to £50.
2—Furniture, Carpets, Equipment, etc., value up to £100
3—Complete expenses of Wedding, including Trousseau for Bride and Clothes for Bridegroom, Bouquets, Cars, Ring, Wedding Cake, Photographs and cost of Wedding Breakfast.
4—£10 Surprise Wedding Gift from "John Bull."
5—Millionaire's Honeymoon anywhere in British Isles:
(WINNER MAY NOMINATE SON OR DAUGHTER FOR 5-in-1 WEDDING PRIZE IF DESIRED)
£100
IF WINNER'S CIRCUMSTANCES RENDER WEDDING PRIZE UNSUITABLE
£300
and MILLIONAIRES WEEK-END for TWO
6244 OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON
ONE WEEK ONLY
£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3

NOW for one of the most novel and attractive prizes ever offered for a *Bullet*—a golden nest-egg and a complete Wedding!

Enter this week's best effort and a £100 cheque will be your immediate reward. Then you and your fiancée can enjoy all the blessings of that great 5-in-1 Wedding Prize announced above.

Remember, if you are a parent, you can take the cash and nominate son or daughter for the Wedding Prize, or should you prefer £300 cash and a Millionaire's Week-end for Two, this fine 2-in-1 Prize can be yours.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, AHEAD OF BRITANNIA, you might jot down, *DIFFICULT TIMES, SO TAXATION INCREASING.* This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, AHEAD OF BRITANNIA—MOUNTAINS, SO TAXES "CLIMB."

Study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,154th Contest on this page and then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, February 18.

'BULLETS' 1,154 RESULT

First Prize, £350:

F. VERNALL, Rodney House, Cheltenham.

Example: WAY THE WIND BLOWS
Bullet: "ACROSS CHANNEL," TUNNEL NEEDED.

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

W. C. FLINT, 16, Murray Road, Rugby.
Example: Rail v. Road
Bullet: Sonny's "Struggle," Outside Toyshop.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

S. PICKARD, 67, Simpson Street, Armley, Leeds.
Example: No Business
Bullet: To Steal—Or Starve!

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: S. MARVEN, 90, Paynters Close, Guildford, Surrey.
Calling For Her—First—Gate Seems "Pearly."

£8: Miss N. TRUSS, 8, Warwick Square, London, S.W.
Dad Went Tobogganing, But—"Tree" Altered Family History!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£7: T. H. WINTERS, 5, Victoria Road, Ellistown, Leics.
In Peace—Grandma Lives—She's "Prepared."

£6: E. BURSLEM, 106a, North View Road, Hornsey, London, N.
Way The Wind Blows—Reminds Me Of "March."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: B. MACKINTOSH, 156, Victoria Park Road, Leicester.
When My Luck Turns—"Spinning" Home With "Coin."

Next Week—Another Big 'Bullets'

PENSION OFFER

£4: G. FREEMAN, 11, Helena Road, Southsea, Hants.
Way The Wind Blows—Keeps Lifting Fascism's "Veil."

£3: Mrs. A. CROSBIE, 12, Headland Grove, Preston, Paignton.
Calling For Her—Means Cooling For Hour!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. ASHBY, 211, Scar Lane, Golcar, Huddersfield.
Shadow of Unemployment—Spelling Government's "Prosperity Film."

Mrs. E. P. COOMBS, 168, Shearer Road, Portsmouth.
She Gave One Look, And—Mouse Saved Battered Burglar!

CROOK, 169, Whitworth Road, Rochdale.
Shadow of Unemployment—"Cleaning" Work "Lovers" Dread.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

DAWSON, "Alna," Shooters Hills, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.
When Things Are Quiet—Assistants Cry "Look Out."

J. McMILLAN, 34, Woodburn Street, Motherwell, Lanarks.
To Grandpa's Disgust—Curate Liked His Tobacco!

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Dad Went Tobogganing, But—Waved Hand—Feet "Waving."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. E. RICE, Derana, Cranston Road, East Grinstead, Sussex.
Sonny's Trouble—Top Form—Second Eleven.

G. A. SHIRES, 562, Kingsbury Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
When My Luck Turns—"Head" And "Tail" Up.

F. SMITH, 11, Bennett Street, Skipton, Yorks.
Missed The Mark—"Shied At" A Lot.

Mrs. A. THORPE, 26, Seymour Street, Denton, Manchester.
To Silence The Critics—Below, Dad Upset Whitewash!

A list of 89 Library Prize winners can be seen at these offices.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

AHEAD OF BRITANNIA
WHAT'S WRONG WITH A.R.P.
HE'S AN IRISHMAN, SO
IN THE NICK OF TIME
DYNAMITE
LITTLE MOTHER
LIKE A PARROT
WRONG END
IN THE UNDERWORLD
WEDDING-BELLS
ON AUNTIE'S BIRTHDAY
THE BLACK CLOUDS PASSED AND
TREADING ON HER TOES
SHE NAMED THE DAY AND
GOT HER MAN
DANGEROUS TOYS
CASTLES IN SPAIN
DICTATOR POVERTY
WHEN FOOD'S SCARCE
WIFEY'S WEAKNESS
OUTSIDE
MADE A HASH OF IT
GETS DAD'S GOAT
TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 6d. on poundage and postage.

Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,158 and Crossword No. 142, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,158) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 18.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,158) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 18.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,158) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 18.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,158, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £4, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,158 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £350 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,153 will be displayed in the window of Mr. P. Anthony, Newsagent, Bushey Heath, Herts.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,158, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

WEARINESS After 'FLU

Colds, Chills And Other Winter Ills!

MEN
Need Yeast-Vite Too! —Just As Much As Women

Winter ills are *dangerous* when they strike—but also when they depart! For—like a retreating enemy that leaves but barren wastes behind him—they leave YOU weak and exhausted, your reserve of strength laid bare, your whole vitality drained and spent.

No wonder often months pass without you ever feeling really fit!

No wonder that weakness persists—that drained energy cannot be summoned—that those hanging-on symptoms, the headaches, the depression, the stomach disorders and the "jangled" nerves, are your constant companions. IMMEDIATE STRENGTH is every sufferer's vital need! Your body must be recharged with the energy and vitality that are spent. You should instantly commence a course of YEAST-VITE, the Lightning Tonic Pick-Me-Up. In this way—a way proved by thousands before you—you can re-stock your body with strength, restore your energy, and build yourself up to NEW VITALITY. This advice is URGENT—accept it TO-DAY under this remarkable offer—

Yeast-Vite *RAPIDLY*

Relieves

HEADACHES

LASSITUDE

DEPRESSION

"NERVES"

INDIGESTION

INSOMNIA

RHEUMATISM

No Relief—No Pay

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

A SPARK OF LIFE AND HEALTH

Every Yeast-Vite Tablet could be described as a "spark of life and health" because it is composed of pure medicinal yeast and valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists. Get a bottle YOURSELF—TO-DAY!

Yeast-Vite
Brand Tablets

The Lightning Pick-Me-Up

SOLD EVERYWHERE 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

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